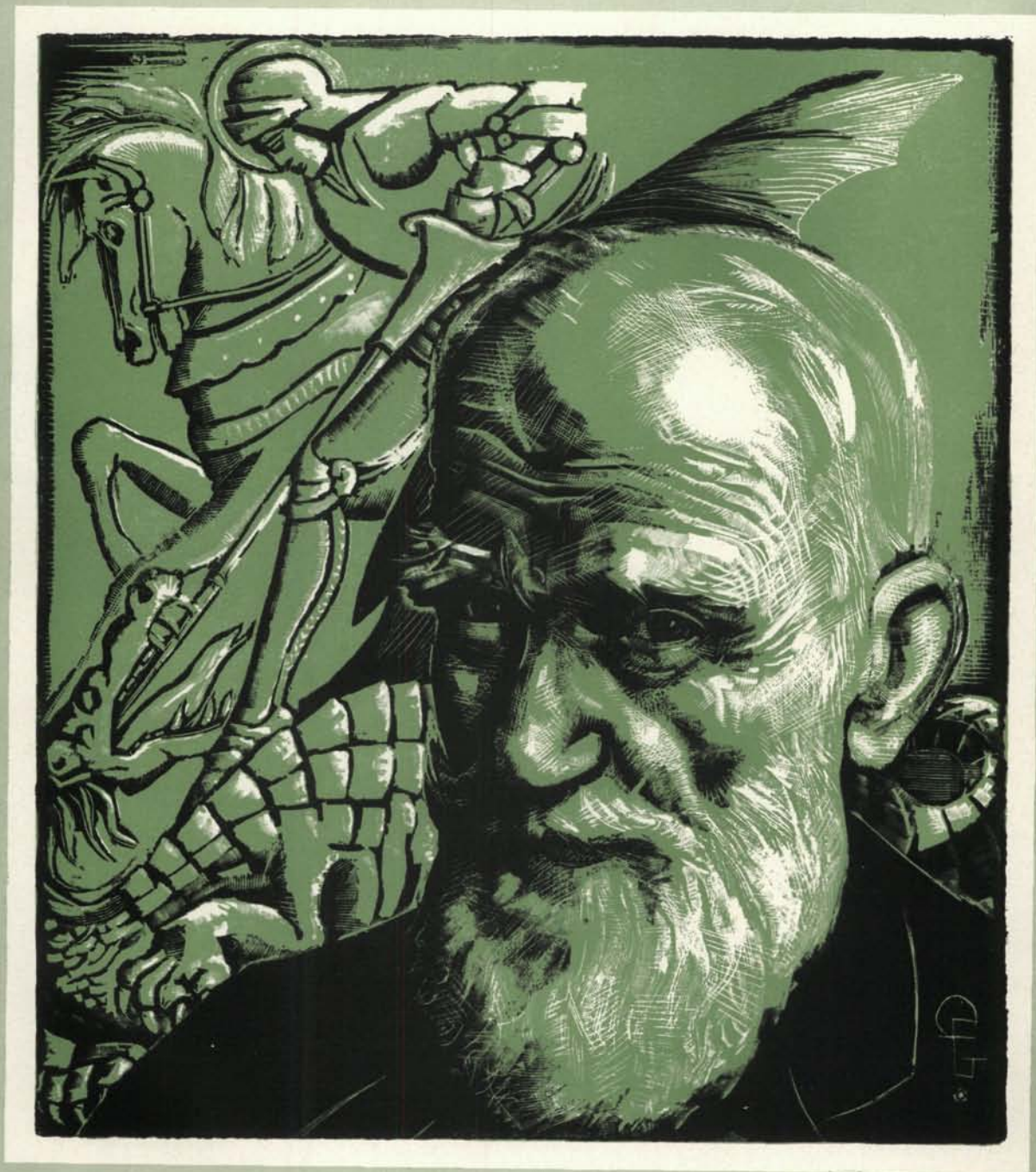
Saturday Review

LY 21, 1956 / 20¢



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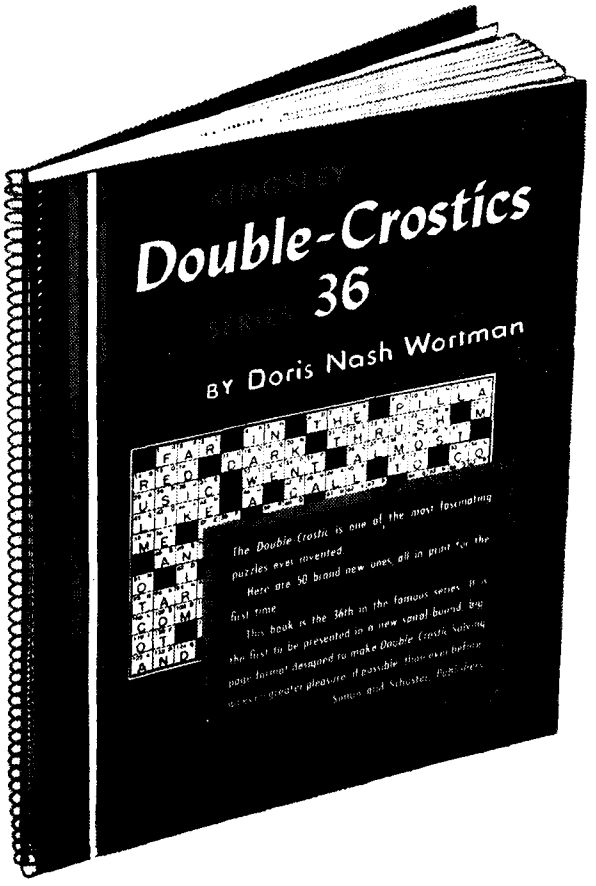

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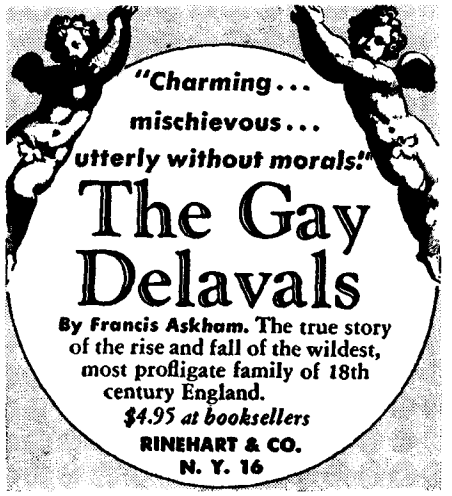

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The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by t Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Stre New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of t Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsk Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasure Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assista Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghart Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Direct Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assi ant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canad Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. V XXXIX, No. 29, July 21, 1956. Re-entered as second-cla class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in Ne York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, P under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Reader Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyrig 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

GREETINGS, SALUTATIONS, HELLO, HI—and thanks be that Bennett Cerf picked on me once more as his stand-in on dear old TRADE WINDS.

This will be, heaven help me, my fourth go as such. After my third, just three years ago, I admitted right out loud that I *liked* having a column of my own, even a borrowed one, and since then, heaven help me even more, I've written a grand total of 317 in newspapers and magazines, totaling roughly 250,000 words, which is plenty rough enough for me.

Anyway, coming back now to *these* columns is like coming home again, and I'm happy as a lark. Which, considering the name of this page, is getting off to a good garbled locution while the getting is good.

SNOBS, ANTI-SNOBS, and would-be snobs will have a lot of fun—or generate a lot of fury—over "Noblesse Oblige," a small book edited by the Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd, otherwise Nancy Mitford, author of such irreverent delights as "The Pursuit of Love" and "The Blessing."

Published this spring in London by Hamish Hamilton, Miss Mitford's little dynamite keg explodes here this week, courtesy of those noted match-holders, Harper & Brothers.

"Noblesse Oblige" is a collection of half a dozen pieces on England's current controversy about U and non-U speech and manners, U standing for Upper Class and non-U for non-Upper. It all began with an article (scholarly, it says here) by Professor Alan S. C. Ross, of non-U Birmingham University, called "Linguistic Class-Indicators in Present-Day English."

The Hon. Nancy Mitford saw a lightened version of this learned thesis in the magazine *Encounter*, reacted to it, and replied in print to it, her piece being titled "The English Aristocracy."

To this Evelyn Waugh wrote an open letter in reply and partial rebuke, addressing himself to "Dearest Nancy" and signing himself "Fondest love, Evelyn." Furor, plus other pieces, followed, leading Philip Toynbee to vote in the *London Observer*, "Nothing stirs us to such a frenzy of shamefaced excitement as a public issue which involves class distinctions."

All of which helps no doubt to account for the fact that the British edition of "Noblesse Oblige" is still selling at the non-U clip of 1,000 copies per day, that Guinness Stout now advertises "Guinness Is Good for You, U and non-U," while *Punch* recently devoted a whole issue to the matter, its cover "featuring a heraldic device with the words Snoblesse Oblige."

The American edition is very U in appearance, and sports an introduction by Russell Lynes, himself the author of several delectables like "Snobs," "Guests," and "The Tastemakers," who points out that "there is something pleasantly U about importing such a book to America, where one man's U is another man's U-all."

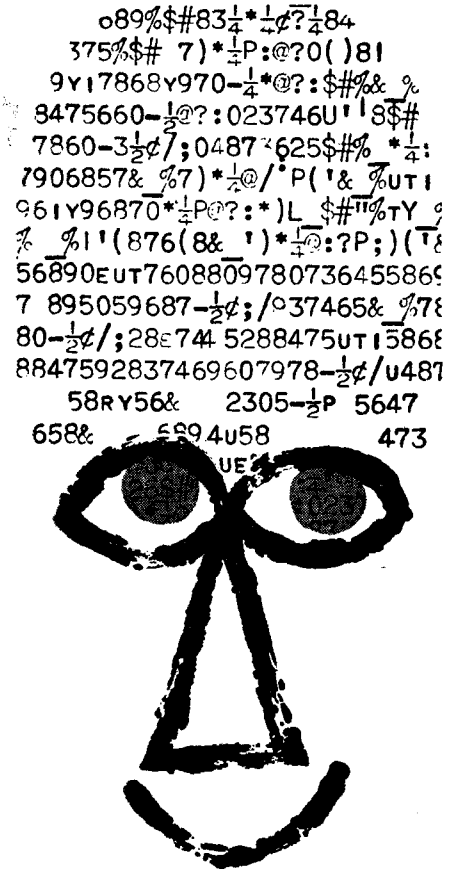
By way of some non-U needling I can't resist pointing out that, though Mr. Lynes says, "Miss Mitford is the daughter of a baron," the publisher's spring catalogue stated firmly, "She is the daughter of an earl."

Surely, dear democratic Harper & Brothers, British titles don't get you all *that* jittery?

LAST WORD ON PARENTAGE obviously should go to Miss Mitford herself, and here's part of what she recently wrote for "Twentieth Century Authors":

"My father was the second son of an English peer, my mother was a beauty. Second sons, in England, are given no money and I was born in a poor London slum. As my father insisted on keeping bloodhounds and a pony for me to ride it was all rather a squash. However, during the first war against the Germans my father's eldest brother was killed and my father became Lord Redesdale. After this we lived in a large house in the Cotswolds. I had five sisters and one brother. My father and mother, illiterate themselves, were against education and we girls had none, though we were taught to ride and to speak French. My brother went to Eton.

"There are some brains in my family all the same. We had two clever grandfathers . . . Bertrand Russell is a first cousin of my grandmother; my Redesdale grandfather was first cousin of the poet Swinburne. . . . I grew up ignorant as an owl, came out in London, and went to a great many balls. Here I met various people who were not ignorant at all. . . . Very soon I became an intellectual snob. I tried to educate myself, read enormously, and wrote a few indifferent



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novels. I married a man whose f
vorite reading is the Greek and R
man classics."

SINCE BRITISH HUMOR seems to be ru
ning off with my typewriter just nc
I must mention "Romanoff and J
liet," a smash hit at the Piccadi
since May and certainly one of r
favorite titles of the year.

It's a political satire by the thirt
five-year-old Peter Ustinov, who al
directed it and co-stars in it, a
whom I always think of as a Russia
sounding Noel Coward.

He was born in London, his fath
being the journalist Iona Ustinov a
his mother Nadia Benois, painter a
scenic designer. His wife is Suzan
Cloutier; he speaks English, Frenc
and German easily; he owns a bl
LaGonda, a red Jowett Jupiter,
white Mercedes Benz, and has be
up to his ears in the theatre sin
he was a teenager.

When he was Penrod's age he b
gan a two-year apprenticeship at t
London Theatre Studio, later call
the Old Vic, and began then to wr
plays on the side. One of the
"House of Regrets," which he wrc
at nineteen, was put on in Lond
two years later, running concurrent
with his "Blow Your Trumpet." (Ma
be it's a Russian-sounding Rodge
and Hammerstein I meant.)

In 1951, after four years in u
form, young Ustinov began a tw
year acting stint in his political sa
ire "The Love of Four Colonel
which later won various prizes a
awards on Broadway.

"Romanoff and Juliet" undoubted
will appear here too, for Feuer a
Martin, Billy Rose, Lawrence Lan
ner, and others have all been after
The leading contender thus far is D
vid Merrick, co-sponsor of "Fann
and "The Matchmaker," who saw t
play open in Manchester before it g
to London, made an oral bid for
that night and "shook hands on it wi
Mr. Ustinov and his partner, S.
Linnit."

Romanoff is the son of the Russi
Ambassador to "the smallest cou
try in Europe" and Juliet the daug
ter of the American Ambassac
there; the plot deals with their lc
during the struggle of their pare
to maintain "the balance of feebl
ness," and Mr. Ustinov plays the pa
of "a bumbling benevolent Machi
velli" to a fare-thee-well.

Which reminds me to fare *thee* w
for this week, after saying once mc
how good it is to be back with U a
U and U. —LAURA Z. HOBSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is bei
conducted by Laura Z. Hobson wh
Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

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The Saturday Review

JULY 21, 1956

LINES FOR A ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

By JOHN MASEFIELD

A happy task, to praise this mental prince
Whose spirit began life a century since.
Let those, who knew him better, better tell;
Small knowledge mine, much urge to praise him well,
Because, from all I either heard or saw,
I think a marvel lived in Bernard Shaw.

First, his erect, great figure, nobly held,
His very step a mark of evil quelled.
His bearing of attention, as he stood . . .
None beheld that, but knew him greatly good,
And knew, at once, the fellow had no peers.
(This splendour held till after ninety years.)

Next, for his daily talk, what light it shed
Annulling shams and knocking folly dead.
What instant wisdom his, what ready tact,
Calming dispute before an overt act;
Such witty ready tact, that soothed and played
On jangled souls till happy peace was made . . .
(This, I have watched, but other men have told,
How, in more savage groups, his mind controlled,
Always with wisdom and with charm, grim men
Wielding vast powers in the sins of then;
Men who in shame remembered what he said,
And gathered mercy from his heart and head.)

I cannot write of what he never told
His skill in music in the days of old,
But when men question "Did he ever care
For Beauty in an Art?" the answer's there.
Both as a scholar and a player, too,
Music was his: its inner ways he knew;
Ways of delight, of mystery, of awe,
All power, and all beauty, and all law.

Was poetry his joy? I cannot tell;
But Shakespeare's work he knew past telling well
Better (more utterly, more surely kept),
Than I myself or any man that stept.

Then, for his utterance of verse and prose,
His nobleness of speech in reading those.
I never heard from any human throat
More moving speech, so certain on the note.

As for his plays, the living world decides
What withers in its presence, what abides.
The world has long since shewn by clap of hands,
In countless theatres, in many lands
His rank as Master-Playwright of his Age.
But for a war, he would have made our Stage
A wonder, such as England had not seen.

Still, even so, what wonders there have been
Twixt "Major Barbara," that first so stirred
All Little London with its valiant word,
And that intense "Saint Joan," where he showed
His power and beauty on another road,
Near thirty years of plays, shrewd, witty, wise,
Giving more feeling hearts, more seeing eyes,
And this, while, in each year, his strength was given
To touch man's squalid state with gleams of Heaven
In countless spots, by unremembered deeds
Forgotten, now, that yet were living seeds.

He has gone on, upon his pilgrimage
To other power, on another stage,
To what, we cannot tell, but yet surmise
His task eternal is to make men wise,
To bring a clearness in affairs confused,
To smite a brightness into minds bemused,
To shew a better where men use a worse,
And so make mortal living less a curse.

If it be thus, he shares with shining friends
A radiant crusade that never ends,
That delays Death, brings seeing to the blind,
Awakens doltered will and kindles mind,
Destroys the foul, the fever and the slum
And thereby makes another Kingdom come.

If it should please him, may he be aware
That in the world he left men praise him there.

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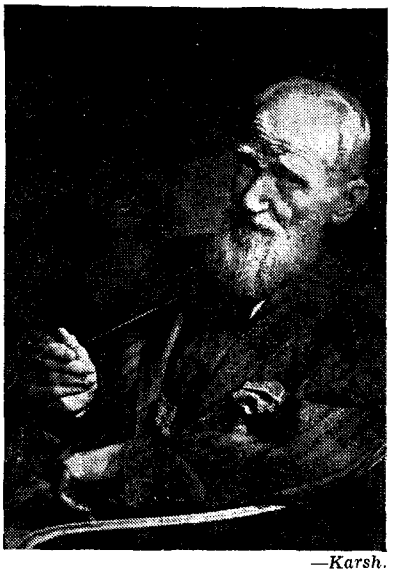
GBS SPOKESMAN FOR VITALITY



—Karsh.

An Appraisal at Mid-Century

By DAVID DAICHES

LONG before his death in 1950 George Bernard Shaw had become a legend. Witty, provocative, outrageous, amusing, never to be taken quite seriously, a curious mixture of prophet and clown—this was the popular opinion of Shaw for half a century. This kind of legend is liable to obscure a man's real worth during his lifetime and for some time after his death. Where does Shaw stand today as playwright and thinker? Nobody seems to be sure; few serious critics have tackled the question; and the field is left almost entirely to the purveyors of anecdote and reminiscence. It looks as though we must wait for some time for a major attempt at a revaluation of Shaw's plays and his social and economic writings; some of the controversies he stirred up are still with us and, further, the fascination of his personality bewitches us still.

So I cannot fall back on the critics to help me to explain where Shaw stands today. Of the many books about him only two that I know have the intellectual liveliness and critical acumen to discuss his work in the way it demands to be discussed; one of these, by G. K. Chesterton, was published in 1909 and is thus necessarily incomplete and out of date as well as rather heavily, though interestingly, opinionated. The other, by Eric Bentley, was published in 1946. It is by far the best defense of Shaw as a great man that I have read, but it suffers a little from its author's determination to admire almost everything that Shaw wrote and did, and in any case it cannot be taken as a judgment of Shaw made now, six years after his death.

Let me then try and answer briefly for myself the question: How does Shaw look now, in 1956? His plays, or most of them, are certainly still lively and entertaining, and his prose writings are still provocative. Yet he entertains and interests most when he is discussing topical rather than universal questions. "Back to Methusaleh," his most ambitious play and the one which he himself regarded as his masterpiece, is a bit of a bore today. It is neither exciting as drama nor convincing as a profound interpretation of human destiny. But "Major Barbara," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Pygmalion," and "Heartbreak House" are still dramatically entertaining and intellectually stimulating. Indeed, I find his earliest plays, such as "Widowers' Houses," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "Arms and the Man" (all written between 1885 and 1894) as exciting and provocative as ever—more so than "Caesar and Cleopatra," written in 1898, or "Man and Superman," finished in 1903, and even than the play which many take to be his masterpiece, "Saint Joan," written in 1923. There are two reasons for this. The first is that Shaw was a great Victorian (remember he was born in 1856) and is at his best with Victorian themes. The second is that his genius lay in giving dramatic life to a human problem by illustrating it through a contemporary situation rather than by dealing with it in pretentious abstract terms, as he tends to do in "Back to Methusaleh," or through the reconstruction of a historical situation, as he does in "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Androcles and the Lion," and "Saint Joan." Shaw's basic philosophical position was simple, not to say naive; his ability to illuminate that position through what one might call dramatic shock as well as by brilliant expository prose is unexcelled in English literature.

BRIEFLY, it could be said that Shaw stood for vitality against convention, for creative will against the lethargy of custom and the hypocrisy of social pretensions. He disliked the Darwinian theory of evolution because he considered that it was too mechanical and automatic and left no room for creative will, and so he adopted a Lamarckian view of evolution instead, according to which will and energy and what he called the Life Force operated in human history for the improvement of the species. He was a Socialist because he believed that only in a society organized along Socialist lines would all men have a chance to live in dignity and comfort and be in a position to work fruitfully for themselves and for the community. Yet his Socialism was neither Marxist nor English Trade Unionist but almost mystically linked to his belief in the Life Force. The good society could be achieved not by political

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opportunism and not by rational argument but by a grand common effort of the will.

IF ALL Shaw had done was to argue for this position he would have been neither a very original nor a very interesting thinker; but he became both brilliantly entertaining and intellectually stimulating when he tried to show dramatically how the forces making for vitality and progress can operate in a given human situation, and especially when he showed them exploding the absurdity of outmoded and useless social conventions and pricking the complacency of those representatives of the great majority who assumed that their social order represented truth and right. But he does more than this. He is aware of the danger of even revolutionary ideas becoming a convention and a fashion, and he does not hesitate to show the munitions manufacturer in "Major Barbara" as paradoxically on the side of the angels just as the Socialist minister in "Candida," for all his Socialism, is shown as in the grip of a sentimental convention and even Jack Tanner, the revolutionary hero of "Man and Superman," is half laughed at as a *poseur* and a windbag. Shaw's basic doctrines may be simple, but he knew that human life is complex and confused, with no easy differentiation between black and white. So he kept bringing back his audience and his readers to look again and again at any given situation, forcing them to see where the true vitality lay, stripping off the distorting spectacles provided by convention or law or fashion. Major Barbara loses her faith in the Salvation Army, but the play is no agnostic tract against religion. By the end of the play Barbara has regained her faith, but, paradoxically, with the help of her munitions-manufacturing father, and has come to see that it is more difficult and more useful to convert well-paid and well-fed workers than to cheer up the unemployed with bread and treacle and promises of Heaven. The play is about Christianity; but it is also about the evils of poverty and about the way in which the Life Force works in human affairs. It is also an attack on all conventional ways of thinking, conservative or revolutionary.

Though Shaw was in his own odd way a romantic sentimentalist (think of the poet in "Candida" and the artist in "The Doctor's Dilemma," both sentimental romantic stereotypes) he spent much of his energies fighting against romance, on the grounds that it got in the way of people's seeing what really went on in the world, and so made them accept the most appalling horrors in the name of edifying slogans and under the guarantee of social approval. The Swiss soldier in "Arms and the Man" behaved as Shaw considered a soldier really does behave, not as the conventions of Victorian melodrama would have a soldier behave. The play exhibited what Shaw called "natural morality" as against the "romantic morality" of those who objected to it as untrue. But Shaw was too clever to present his "natural morality" directly. He took the accepted pattern of Victorian melodrama or farce or drawing-room comedy and, at the most effective moment, inverted it, as it were, transposing the parts of the conventional hero and the conventional villain; and then, having done that and having led his audience to believe that it is a revolutionary or an iconoclastic play, he inverted it again, and showed that the conventional hero was after all a hero—but in a new sense. This double inversion is an immensely successful dramatic device, but it is more than that: it is part of Shaw's technique for making his audience look again and again at the particular human situation he is presenting, until they shed all the illusions bred by either the conventional view or by the facile anti-conventional view. It is his way of getting at reality. He plays tricks with standard dramatic devices in order to destroy all standardization of attitude, especially the sentimental view which sees all human affairs in terms of black and white. His war against the distortion of vision produced by convention was also a war against the drama as he found it, for in the Victorian theatre, as in Victorian morality, life seemed to Shaw to be sentimentalized out of all recognition.

SHAW considered himself a lone champion of realism against romance. "To me," he wrote in the preface to "Plays Pleasant," "the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history." This neatly defines what Shaw considered his plays to be, "a genuinely scientific natural history." In the preface to "Major Barbara" he called himself a "professor of natural psychology." In other words, like so many great innovators in English literature, his cry was "back to nature"—and he used nature in Dryden's and Pope's sense of human nature rather than in Wordsworth's sense. Thus, there are no conventional heroes and villains in his plays. On the other hand, there is none of the worried pity that we get in Galsworthy's humanitarian plays. Shaw wasn't concerned with the pity of it; he was concerned to diagnose sham and release vitality. All Shaw's heroes—Lady Cicely in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Valentine in "You Never Can Tell," Caesar in "Caesar and Cleopatra," Candida, Major Barbara—stand in their own way for vitality. The villains are not any of the protagonists in the play but—and this

SHAW IN CHICAGO: The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Bernard Shaw might have gone officially unobserved throughout the world if a lady named Mrs. Lois P. Solomon of Chicago, in brushing up on her Shaw not long ago, had not decided to read a biography of that writer. On page two of the biography Mrs. Solomon read: "Shaw was born July 26, 1856." Says Mrs. Solomon: "I didn't get any further." Now, due largely to Mrs. Solomon's efforts (and to those of the Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago) July 26, 1956 has been designated "Bernard Shaw Day in Chicago," the world's only officially proclaimed observance of a Shaw centennial. On that day in Chicago the festivities will begin early in the morning at the Sherman Hotel with a symposium in which several experts will discuss "The Many Sides of Bernard Shaw —Playboy, Prophet, Playwright, Philosopher, Publicist." At noon there will be a vegetarian lunch in honor of the noted vegetarian; at dinner a Chicago chapter of the Shaw Society of America will be formed; and in the evening some of Shaw's works will be read by well-known actors in the city's Eighth Street Theatre. Two of the day's speakers: Norman Thomas and William Saroyan; one of the actors: Sir Cedric Hardwicke. For those who wonder what Chicago ever had to do with the actual life or work of George Bernard Shaw (and vice versa) Mrs. Solomon has several ready answers. Among these are the fact that one of Shaw's plays, "Caesar and Cleopatra," was given its world première in Chicago back in 1899 and the facts that two other Shaw dramas, "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell," received their American premières in that city.

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is the real Shavian revolution—the age playgoer, represents that thoughtless, complacent, sentimental society audience. For the audience, the averwhich, for Shaw, was responsible for so much distortion of vision and so much evil and suffering. Readers of detective stories have sometimes wondered whether a detective story could ever be written where the murderer turns out to be the *reader.* Shaw comes near to that in making his audience the true villain of his dramas.

How good a dramatist was Shaw? Is it true that he revitalized the moribund English theatre? Where does he stand among modern playwrights?

Beyond doubt he was an important dramatist. But his importance is not as a great dramatic innovator. The "new drama" fostered by J. T. Gerin's Independent Theatre and so warmly cheered on by William Archer, the Ibsenite translator of Ibsen, was not so new as *drama* as it considered itself to be. Shaw's comedy of ideas was full of life and full of fun, but the life and the fun came from the sparkle of Shaw's mind, not from a fully realized dramatic projection of a complex vision. Of Shaw's later plays, "Back to Methusaleh" shows a most undramatic desire to reduce all human life to disembodied speculation and only "Saint Joan" remains popular. "Saint Joan" is not a tragedy, nor was it meant to be. Shaw called it a "chronicle play," and in fact it is mostly a comedy, the comic effect being achieved by the device of interpreting the events of Joan's life with a brisk modernity, a refusal to be awed by historical or religious formulas and a determination to interpret everything as his own common sense suggests. This is not such a crude or obvious a procedure as it may seem; it does mean that the author must seize on the reality of his subject vividly and independently, and the best moments in "Saint Joan" come when Shaw is doing precisely that. It gives the play humor and vitality and conviction. It might be argued that a man who believed with incorrigible optimism in a Life Force working out all things for the best, a man who could write as Shaw did, that "I am prepared to back human society against any idea positive or negative, that can be brought into the field against it," was bound to be incapable of tragedy. But many of Shaw's social plays will remain both entertaining and provocative. Though they are dated in theme and situation, their datedness is spontaneous and natural, springing from Shaw's observation of and concern for his own society and its future. And the same can be said of much of Shaw's brilliant prose argument. Sometimes he played to the gallery and said deliberately exasperating, preposterous or even disturbingly cruel things, but that was part of his shock tactics. Some of the points he made concerned purely ephemeral matters. But the relation between convention and reality, between social custom and true morality, between habit and vitality, between tradition and progress, will surely remain so long as any kind of human society endures; and this fact, I think, will guarantee Shaw's survival.

SHAW AS WELLS SAW HIM

—*Culver.*

By H. G. WELLS, *who wrote this "obituary" during Shaw's lifetime for the London* Daily Express.

THROUGH the years GBS and I came to a very close friendly antagonism, an endless bickering of essentially antagonistic natures. I was a biologist first and foremost, and Shaw had a physiological disgust at vital activities. This repulsion was mixed up with a passionate hatred of vivisection, so that he would and did misrepresent the work by Pavlov—to whom he had a very strong personal resemblance, bright blue eyes instead of bright brown—quite recklessly. Underlying it all was an impulse to opposition and provocation.

He got his excitement by rousing a fury of antagonism and then overcoming and defeating it. At that game, which covered a large part of his life, he was unsurpassable.

And now for his most estranging fault. Shaw was fantastically vain. He was ruled by a naked, unqualified, ego-centered, devouring vanity such as one rarely meets in life. And I find myself asking: Was this egotistical vanity something innate, or did it creep into an essentially combatant nature and take possession of it? Apparently he could not think of any other human being, and particularly of any outstanding and famous human being, without immediately referring him directly to himself.

One method of his self-assertion was portraiture. The number of pictures, busts, and portraits that encumbered Shaw's establishment was extraordinary.

That was one method of self-assertion peculiar to Shaw. Another, more general, has been practised since *homo sapiens* began his career, and that is to inflict pain. Shaw let himself do that to me, in spite of the protests of that most lovable of women, his wife.

I was suddenly recalled to England which I had just left, by an urgent message from my sons. My wife was suffering from secondary cancer which would end inevitably in her death in six months. I had always expected to die before my wife, and the shock I got was terrific. On the return boat to England, fearing the chance inquiries of friends who might be aboard I took refuge in a private cabin and there I blubbered like a baby. But this event released a queer accumulation of impulses in Shaw. He was impelled to write that this was all stuff and nonsense on the part of my wife and imply that she would be much to blame if she died. There was no such thing as cancer, and so forth and so on.

This foolish bit of ruthlessness came to hand, and with it came a letter from Charlotte Shaw, his wife. I was not to mind what he had said, wrote Charlotte. I must not let it hurt either him or myself. He had to do these things. She tried to prevent them and that was more and more her role as life went on. She had married this perplexing being in a passion of admiration. Her money made the production of his plays good business so that he was speedily independent of her, and she found she had launched that incalculable, lopsided *enfant terrible,* a man of genius, upon the world.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

GBS Between Covers

Here is a listing, by no means complete or definitive, of books now in print by and about GBS.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. *By Edmund Fuller. Scribner's.* $2.50. For scholars already immersed in Shaviana this book is superfluous; but the uninitiated will find a cogent discussion of the more important ideas.

BERNARD SHAW. *By Eric Bentley. New Directions.* $2. The most damaging of Shaw critics, states Mr. Bentley, was Shaw himself. In an attempt to propagandize (Socialism, vegetarianism, any number of isms), he allowed himself to become notorious. If Shaw failed as a propagandist, he succeeded as an artist and a teacher. The discussion of Shaw as a great modern teacher is the most enlightening section.

BERNARD SHAW: A CHRONICLE. *By Robert Rattray. Roy Publishers.* $5. A compilation of the works and life of GBS, meticulously arranged chronologically from 1865 to 1951.

THIRTY YEARS WITH GBS. *By Blanche Patch. Dodd, Mead.* $3. This is a lavish if somewhat helter-skelter account of Shaw's idiosyncrasies, his working habits, his friendships, as recorded by his secretary. Miss Patch is unsmilingly objective as she reports such off-the-record information as the sixty-five-year-old Shaw learning to tango, or enrolling in a correspondence course, hidden behind Miss Patch's name, to learn Spanish. After thirty years with the master Miss Patch became, as Shaw quipped, quite "Shaw-proof."

DAYS WITH BERNARD SHAW. *By Stephen Winsten. Vanguard.* $3.75. **SHAW'S CORNER.** *By Stephen Winsten. Roy.* $4.50. These "I-Knew-GBS" books, written by his neighbor at Ayot St. Lawrence, makes one regret that someone who knew Shaw couldn't write more warmly and convincingly about him. In these records of conversations with the man-next-door Mr. Winsten shows Shaw complaining peevishly about English bread, inquiring about the garden flowers, striding down the lane in his long white mackintosh swinging his walking stick, and finally, in a moving sketch, suddenly overcome by loneliness following his wife's death.

MEN AND SUPERMEN. *By Arthur H. Nethercot. Harvard University Press.* $5. Here is a scholarly guide to the plays and relatively obscure novels of Shaw. Mr. Nethercot asks some formal and formidable questions about Shaw in an attempt to place him in the proper artistic pigeon-hole. By and large he has succeeded nicely in his academic task.

GBS: A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT AND A POSTSCRIPT. *By Hesketh Pearson. Harper.* $5. This probably comes as close an any to being a definitive autobiography and critical study of Shaw. In writing the "Full-Length Portrait" Pearson asked the questions and Shaw answered. The "Postscript" deals with

(*Continued on page* 41)

DISCOGRAPHY

GBS on Records

THE SURFACE has hardly been scratched where Shaw recordings are concerned. Yet records suggest themselves as an especially happy medium for his plays, with their polemics and round-tables, heated sermons and long exhortations that roll in or back out like surf and undertow. In matters of rhythm, tempo, and dynamics Shaw is not far behind Professor Henry Higgins or that other Irish master of speech effects, James Joyce; one wishes he had recorded some of his most melodious passages as Joyce did) for, like his Don Juan Shaw possessed an ear "practised on a thousand songs and symphonies."

On the one record where "Bernard Shaw Speaks" (Heritage LP H-0074) he delivers only a rather routine lecture on the horrors of war and the prospects for the class struggle. Taken from a short-wave broadcast of 1937, when Shaw was eighty-one, the speech is liberally peppered with humor, prophecy, and platitude. At any rate it is the doughty old Fabian warrior speaking—unless something more significant turns up Shavians will have to content themselves with this minor memento.

Of the plays only the "Don Juan in Hell" interlude from "Man and Superman" has found its way into the LP catalogue (on Columbia OSL 166, two records). Paul Gregory's all-star First Drama Quartette does all the talking, most of it with a brilliance quite equal to the material at hand. Charles Boyer carries off the lion's share of the honors as the Don, though his accent sometimes hobbles. Charles Laughton, the Devil personified, combines Satanism and gourmandism with a sing-song grandeur; Sir Cedric Hardwicke makes the statuesque Commander come to life; Agnes Moorehead is a splendidly female Dona Ana. These are four virtuosos and their performance fairly glitters, but one important point is missed. In producing this scene for records Columbia would have done well to follow Shaw's musical directions, drawn chiefly from "Don Giovanni," though at one point "Mozart's music gets grotesquely adultered with Gounod's" (a prescription that would call for the services of someone like Poulenc). In the course of the proceedings the Commander remarks that one of his lines "sounds rather flat without my trombones." Trombones and the rest of the musical asides that Shaw called for would have added depth and irony to the drama (even if an orchestra would have been prohibitive for the quartette's stage appearances), and eliminated Laughton's rather awkwardly inserted readings of the musical cues. Needless to say, Shaw and music have always mixed well even when both are diluted, as witness "My Fair Lady" (Columbia OL 5090) and "The Chocolate Soldier" (Victor LK 1006). But at best these two are only a kind of Shaw-in-law.

—FRED GRUNFELD.

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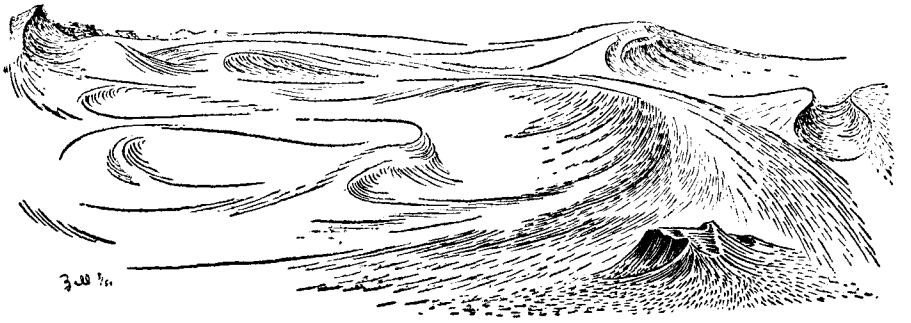
An Open Letter to George Bernard Shaw



Grand Canyon, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

I never met you quite face to face though I did glimpse you once at Cap d'Antibes -- where you were very much the great man surrounded by a solicitous court. At that very minute I had in my pocket a letter of introduction which I did not deliver for the same reason I had not delivered a similar one in London a few years before. When the time came I couldn't quite imagine what I would say to you and I was a bit afraid of what you might say to me. For a moment at least you had once been aware of my name because in a Malvern program you had accused me (a horrible charge) of having "an insufficient respect for the Apocalypse" -- which meant in this case that I had doubted the significance of some vatic utterances in one of your later plays.

Now that I am safe on the opposite side of the line which separates time from eternity I dare congratulate you on the 100th anniversary which you almost made in this same world with me and to say that no other man ever had on the course of my life the influence you had. As an undergraduate who believed himself destined to be a mathematician I happened upon "Man and Superman" and as I read it at a library table I felt like Saul of Tarsus when the light broke. "If literature," I said to myself, "can be like this then literature is the stuff for me." And to this day I never see a differential equation written out without breathing a prayer of thanks.

I realize now that you were not quite the all-wise and all-eloquent superman I thought you then. You once said that Marx "made a man of you," but I am not sure that this same Marx should not be blamed instead for the grand inconsistency which makes it impossible to reconcile your materialistic determinism with the mystical creed which at profounder moments you preach. What would Marx have thought of the Life Force? Wouldn't he have called it an opium for the people? I realize also that your style, for all its vigor and wit, does not, as I thought then, embody every virtue a style can have. It has all the efficiency of the most smoothly operating machine. But sometimes it makes you seem what Macaulay was called, "a steam engine in trousers" -- or rather a jet engine dressed up like a man. There isn't much charm in that. There is wit, and fun, and most of all the exhilaration of conscious power. But there isn't much gaiety of a more relaxed sort, and when one is tired of being jet-propelled one misses in your writing that touch of nature which would make us feel you one of us. Yeats was more than half right when he accused you of being the inventor of the only truly modern style -- one whose principal excellence is the utilitarian virtue of saying what it wants to say with a single-minded efficiency as devoid of poetical suggestiveness as though no such thing had ever existed in literature. In one contemporary theory, wit and poetry are very closely alike, but your kind of wit is poetry's opposite.

Despite all this, however, I back your candidacy for what is somewhat exaggeratedly called "immortality." If only one writer of the first half of this century is read 100 years from now I think it will be you. And I am not forgetting the incredulous protest the Joyceans would make to any such prophecy. I will rest my case on Dr. Johnson's dictum: "Nothing that is odd will do for long." Our descendants will at least know what you were talking about and they may very well think "Ulysses" as well as "Finnegans Wake" decidedly odd.

You will like to have it remembered that your centenary is also the

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centenary of Mozart -- of whom you said that what he wrote for Sarastro to sing was "the only music ever written which would not seem out of place in the mouth of God." Of course, you claimed to have improved "Don Giovanni" when you rewrote it as "Man and Superman." Of course, you talked nonsense about the moonshine of Mozart as contrasted with the "simple realism" (!) of Wagner. But you knew the answer to all that as well as you knew the answer to your more famous question "Better than Shakespeare"? You knew that a "Don Giovanni" without music, figuratively as well as literally, could not be an improved version. But this is not a musical age and you did what you could -- admitting by your tributes and to your great honor the worth of what you could not do.

You will notice that this letter is dated at a place from which not many letters on literary subjects have ever come. This morning, when I did not yet know that I would be invited to send you a greeting, I spent with my wife sitting at the canyon's edge about twenty miles from the tourists' hotel where we were so utterly alone (except for the swallows dipping above and below us) that there was nowhere any reminder of any of the things which have been done in (and to) the world during the last few thousand years. It would have neither looked nor been any different if Newton and Watt and Faraday, to say nothing of Mozart and you, had never lived.

The first part of the morning I spent in looking for and finding a scrap of conglomerate stone from the age of the dinosaurs which is said to survive in the canyon only in small pieces and only at this secluded spot; to be also the very youngest rock found there because all that was formed during the millions of years since has been eroded away. The rest of the morning I spent distinguishing from afar the successive layers of stone whose age goes backward further and further until one comes to those tortured rocks of the inner gorge which are among the oldest exposed anywhere on the face of the earth, though they are said to be themselves only the roots of mountains worn away at a time far further removed from the age of the dinosaurs than that age is removed from ours. You yourself, Mr. Shaw, liked to talk about what the earth would be in a future which lies ahead "as far as thought can reach." What say you of the equally long prospect in the opposite direction? What sort of perspective is this in which to talk about "lasting values" and "literary immortality"?

Sometimes you talked as though nothing but recent man was worth a thought; sometimes as though what went on at a Borough Council meeting was more important than all the speculation ever indulged in or all the plays ever written. Sometimes, in other words, you pretended that only the here and now was worth thinking about. "Beware," you said, "of the man whose god is in the sky." But what of the message you sent when Lawrence Langner told you that O'Neill was anxious about the state of the world? "Tell him not to worry. If, as I believe, man is about to destroy himself he will be replaced by something better." Wasn't that taking a very long view indeed? Isn't it in a truly geological perspective? Wasn't it very much like what one dinosaur might have said to another (or, for that matter, one trilobite to another) when either dinosaur or trilobite realized that his day was over even though the day of both had lasted a great deal longer than that of man seems likely to last.

Had you been with me this morning I think you would have forgotten the Borough Council for a time and would have asked again what you asked so eloquently in "Back to Methuselah" and in more than one preface: "How did all of this come about?" And you would again have ranged yourself with Alfred Wallace against his triumphant collaborator-opponent Darwin. Forgetting Marx as well as orthodox biology you would have insisted again that it did not happen because it could not help happening, that it was not merely the result of the dialectic of matter. You would have proclaimed again that the great dynamic forces of evolution are two: the Imagination which can see what might be and the Will which can bring the might-be about. You would have added that neither Imagaination nor Will originated with man and it may be that none of the thousands of positions you so positively took up involves an issue more important.

With the deepest admiration and respect I am your reader from way back,

Joseph Wood Krutch.

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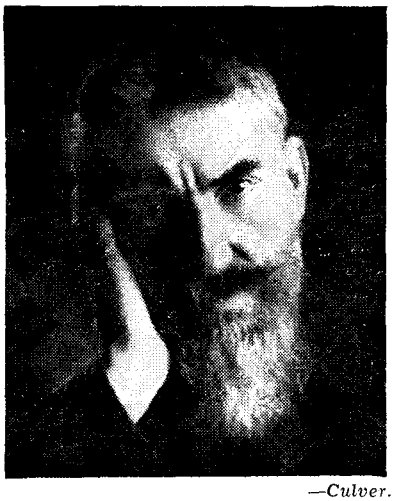


—Culver.

A red-bearded and fortyish Shaw took this portrait of himself about 1897, the time of his first great success, "Candida."

GBS: *His long and colorful career as a playwright, a "parlor politician," and a prophet enlivened three generations.*

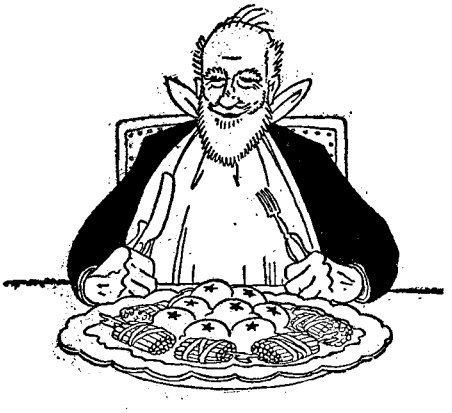
On seventy-third birthday he clowned with his famous friend Lady Astor. Two years later he made pilgrimage to Soviet Russia.

—Bettmann Archive.

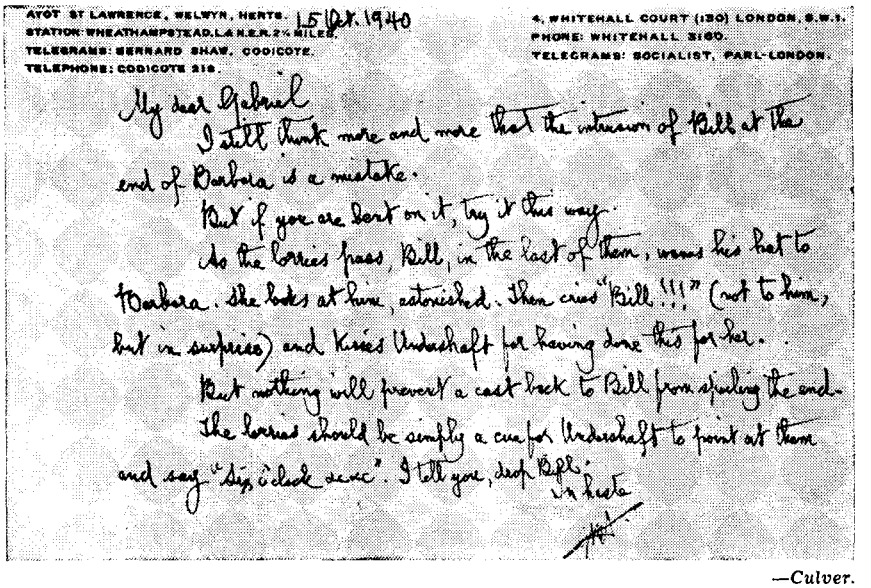
Up-side-down Shaw was cartoonist's way of satirizing GBS's views. Its original caption: ". . . the dear fellow has not moved."

—Culver.

Shaw's unique garb, his politics, and his early poverty were all lampooned by Max Beerbohm in 1922 cartoon.



Vegetarian Shaw was butt of this cartoon. He was also opposed to alcohol, tobacco, vivisection, and vaccination. Right: His instructions for "Major Barbara" movie.



AYOT ST LAWRENCE, WELWYN, HERTS. 15 Oct. 1940
STATION: WHEATHAMPSTEAD. L.& N.E.R. 2½ MILES.
TELEGRAMS: BERNARD SHAW, CODICOTE.
TELEPHONE: CODICOTE 218.

4, WHITEHALL COURT (130) LONDON, S.W.1.
PHONE: WHITEHALL 3160.
TELEGRAMS: SOCIALIST, PARL-LONDON.

My dear Gabriel

I still think more and more that the intrusion of Bill at the end of Barbara is a mistake.

But if you are bent on it, try it this way.

As the curtain goes, Bill, in the last of them, wants his hat to Barbara. She looks at him, astonished. Then cries "Bill!!!" (not to him, but in surprise) and kisses Undershaft for having done this for her.

But nothing will prevent a cast back to Bill from spoiling the end. The curtain should be simply a cue for Undershaft to point at them and say "Dig, dig, dig, dig". I tell you, drop Bill.

In haste

—Culver.

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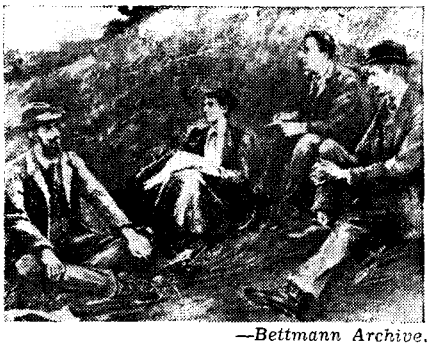
—Culver.



—Bettmann Archive.

Fabian Society brought youthful Shaw, who was dubbed a "parlor politician," together with Socialists Beatrice and Sidney Webb (center) when he was a music-drama critic.

—Culver.

First financial success came with the American production of "The Devil's Disciple" in New York in 1900, here shown in a revival starring Maurice Evans (left).

—Culver.

"Caesar and Cleopatra," was originally written in 1900. It was not until twenty-three years later that he wrote an equally famous historical play, "Saint Joan."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, shown here in original "Pygmalion," had famous platonic love affair with Shaw. He had already married Charlotte Payne-Townshend in 1898.

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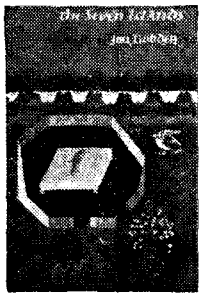

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE SEVEN ISLANDS"

Author: Jon Godden

By JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL

THERE is something intriguing in the very setting of Jon Godden's newest novel, "The Seven Islands" (Alfred A. Knopf, $3). It is a rocky retreat in the middle of the Ganges inhabited by one man, a saddhu or holy man. The novel is a short one, but for all of its length the reader is confined to this small spot of ground, and with the exception of a few passing figures in the background he is confined to a single character as well. "The Seven Islands" is therefore a *tour de force*, elaborately simple, artfully artless. But it is also a very beautiful and engaging story and that, after all, is the important thing.

No one knows or cares where the saddhu comes from; to the reader, as to the shore-dwellers, he is simply there, alone on his island, cut off from the world as if suspended in time and space. But to the shore-dwellers the saddhu seems remote and forbidding, frightening when they occasionally catch distant sight of him. To the reader he is warmly, even ludicrously human, and his island is a spot of charm and wonder.

At the beginning of the book the saddhu is happy, "detached from the world" as the Hindu would have it. He spends his days in talking with the birds, leaping from rock to rock, and swimming. The world, however, inevitably intrudes, in the form of an *ashram* or religious colony that is established on an island near his.

> The villagers and fishermen were delighted at this religious project of the founding of an ashram and the building of a temple, seeing not only a source of employment and gain but a distinction to the neighborhood. . . . He, alone, a professed holy man, was determined that the ashram should not be built and the peace of the islands disturbed. If the eagles had been capable of understanding he might at that moment have told them his reasons. He might have said that in the long years of meditation and privation he had shed the rules and creed of any religion but he believed as the Hindus do that God is in all things, animate and inanimate, that all things are in God. What was needed was respect for every living thing, for its way of life and its right to its own place on the earth. . . . The eagles, disturbed by the anger rising in him, moved uneasily at his side. He bent down and touched each bird lightly once again, in farewell and dismissal. As they took off from the rocks, spreading their wings and rising together above the tree to watch him move away, he lifted his arms toward them and called a reassurance, a promise. This promise, made in the moonlight, he had no idea how to keep.

So he becomes involved in schemes and intrigues, and finally in a plan to drive out the invaders. The sympathies of the reader are all with the saddhu.

From the beginning, however, his schemes are all doomed. For one thing, the saddhu is too naive and simple. But, still more, the reader understands intuitively that the saddhu is not being true to himself. His failures are elaborate, enormously ironic. Each gesture makes his enemies only prosper more. Finally, through a still more important development, he comes to realize that God is making gentle fun of him.

> [The saddhu] was watching a flight of egrets, each bird as white as foam, pass across the sky on their way back to their island home. . . . When he turned back to the merchant his smile was still sweet but also a little sly and mocking. Gently he agreed that the ways of God were hard for human understanding, but that, somewhere, there was always a reason.

But Miss Godden knows better than to labor her point. There is a wonderful delicacy and restraint in this book. And there are, too, a level and consistency of style that the author has not managed since "The House by the Sea." "The Seven Islands" is an unalloyed pleasure, page after page a joy to read.

—*Studio Liza.*

THE AUTHOR: Jon Godden, a novelist with a reputation in several continents, is, at forty-nine, a woman without a country she feels wholly at home in. For years she has been carrying on a dual romance with India, where she was born, and with England, where she attended school. In an autobiographical mood the other foggy day (in England) she talked about *that* and a lot of other things, too (including India). "I come of an English family long connected with India," she began. "I was born in Midnapore, Bengal, a town of once-turbulent Indian nationalism. My childhood was spent chiefly on the Brahmaputra and Gangetic plains. Later I was sent to private schools in England. I have lived in India as much as in England and so never feel wholly at home in either country." Her student-impression of England was not a case of love at first sight. She found it "cold" and "dull." However, she has since traded in those adjectives for warmer ones, and she and her husband now have a place in Cornwall where they spend their holidays and, in fact, hope to settle. Their permanent address at the moment is Calcutta. Switching from geography to literature Miss Godden confided, "I think it is too difficult and a mistake to write about people and a country other than one's own, but I cannot help writing about India." Of the five novels she has written since World War II she has made the mistake of writing about India three times, much to the critics' delight. Her literary reputation is an admirable example of what a writer, with talent, can do with 240 minutes a day. "Because of many obligations," she explained, "I find it impossible to write for more than four hours a day but consider seven hours ideal and even necessary." Like any self-respecting writer, she is not very happy in the company of a sheet of blank paper. "It intimidates me," she confessed. As for her own working habits: "I like to write in pencil on small bits of paper and envelopes which I number and then pin together." She began to write seriously only after the war; as a young lady she was painting furiously in art schools. "My friends and family [Rumer Godden is her sister] say I prefer landscape and animals to human beings," she said. "It is true that I dislike crowds, think large parties a penance, and would rather live in the country than in a town. But I am deeply interested in the things that human beings make: in paintings and music and books." —BERNARD KALB.

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Coming of Age in Texas

***"Old Yeller," by Fred Gipson** (Harper. 158 pp. $2.75), is the story of a dog and, even more, a fourteen-year-old boy who learns how to become the man of the house on a mid-nineteenth-century Texas farm.*

By Oliver La Farge

SINCE his great success in "Hound-Dog Man" (1949) Fred Gipson has not always succeeded in pulling off the difficult trick he did in that book, handling the mixture of the folkways and folk speech of the frontier, dogs, hunting, and childhood without slipping over into sentimentality or being drowned in regionalism. Now, in "Old Yeller," he has done it again, to create a delightful book, excellently enhanced by Carl Burger's drawings.

This short novel describes a summer in the life of a fourteen-year-old boy, during which, with the help of his mother and of a dog against whom he is prejudiced, he must be the man of the house. Being the man was no small order in the pine woods section of Texas in the 1860s. The story centers upon the dog, Old Yeller. It is the narrator's, the boy's, intention to tell of him. Through this telling the author neatly handles the growth of the boy into the man's role.

The book will probably be classified as a dog story, but it is a good deal more than that. It is also more than a sensitive description of a picturesque, archaic life. It is a real novel of character. One of the most attractive things about it is the development of the mother. Setting aside the sensitive-young-writer-to-be, pains-of-adolescence novels, in which the parents are portrayed with conscious vividness and are perfectly awful, there is no one a boy takes more for granted or is less likely to describe than his mother. Solely through her words and acts, this one comes whole and clear, both as mother and as pioneer.

I presume that the pithy speech and the remarkable idioms in which Mr. Gipson's boy expresses himself are genuine. They are vivid, sometimes hilarious, and prime Americana.

The book starts lightly and humorously. One hardly notices the thunderheads piling up. The transition into adventure, and from adventure to real suspense and the narrow edge of tragedy, comes smoothly, so that the reader hardly notices the change until it has occurred and become accepted. The drama of the latter part is sound.

"Old Yeller" is a neat, compact job. It is some time since this reviewer had as much fun with a book as he had with this one.

—From "Old Yeller."

". . . vivid, hilarious, prime Americana."

PLAYWRIGHT IN COCOON: Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent in **"The Vicarious Years"** (Scribner's, $3), John van Druten's novelized autobiography of a noted playwright's fledgling years in England. Upon evidence presented, the dramatist of "The Voice of the Turtle," "Bell, Book and Candle," and "I Am a Camera" was probably happiest while at work on another success called "I Remember Mama." For his smallish book is about as far away from existentialism as it's possible to get.

Mr. van Druten's backward look takes the shape of a family album, leafed through with polite curiosity. Fondly remembered are his own mama, papa, cousins, and the galaxy of heroes and heroines common (more or less) to us all. Proudly presented is the running commentary, a nosegay of boyish rapture and adult aphorism. Whether the reader will get vicarious pleasure out of Mr. van Druten's vicarious involvement in sex, religion, drinking, and the problem of life after death is moot. One could conclude that any adolescent cocoon is pretty much like another, a private place for postures, tentative poses, and self-dramatics.

By the final curtain of what might be called a one-acter the cocoon has at last been discarded by our budding artist, who presumably flies on unsteady moth wings toward bigger fires—this time his own. "The vicarious years were over," he tells us, noting that "there is now a man named Edward Attridge, who lives in Connecticut and is the author of a number of fairly successful books and plays." A writer has to start someplace, and this is how John van Druten remembers it. —JAMES KELLY.

—Douglas Ebersole.

John van Druten—"backward look."

WHEAT WITHOUT CHAFF: Julia Siebel's first novel, **"The Narrow Covering"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), provides abundant evidence of at least two factors in her background: that she is a poet and that she was born and raised in the Midwest. A pre-publication winner of The Friends of Literature Award, the book is a story of the life of Ella Beecher, the lives she touched and of the earth and winds and weathers and lights of America's farm country. Ella moved to town with her mother but she never moved far from the primal facts of the growth of grain, the fall of rain, and the sense of things growing, thriving, withering, and then dying. The sense of seed germinating and bursting through the earth permeates this slim novel and there are times when its people are brought forth, allowed to wave their bright tassels of life and shoveled under with the same impersonal forces

(*Continued on page 36*)

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A Japanese Among the Barbarians

"Manjiro: The Man Who Discovers America," by Hisakazu Kaneko *(Houghton Mifflin. 149 pp. $2.75), is the story of a Japanese fisher-boy who played an important role in establishing early understanding between Japan and the United States. Here it is reviewed by Faubion Bowers, author of several books about the Far East.*

By Faubion Bowers

IN "Manjiro: The Man Who Discovers America" Hisakazu Kaneko has written a factually true story that is also an engrossing tale of high adventure. Particularly in the early chapters, where the hero and his companions are lost at sea and cast themselves upon an uninhabited island, it offers the same kind of excitement that "Kon-Tiki" provided. On another level, if you look for overtones and listen for undercurrents "Manjiro" as a description of the earliest contacts between Americans and Japanese has a plangent grandeur that suggests the parabolic "A Single Pebble," by John Hersey. But whoever the reader and no matter what comparisons he finds I dare say that once he starts this book his curiosity will be so piqued and his interest so aroused he will find that the old publisher's cliché is, in this instance, applicable: You can't put it down until you've finished it.

The style in which "Manjiro" is written is curious. Sometimes it reads like rather old-fashioned English, sometimes like expert, but unvexing, translations from the Japanese; often it is sheer poetry, but usually it is a flowing narration of a relentless, steady sequence and consequence. Perhaps the reason for all this is not only in the writing gifts of the author, but also in the inspiration and the mood that the documentation and occasional exact quotations force upon the book. For details to fill out his story the author has combed the libraries and archives all the way from Fairhaven, Mass., to Japan.

The theme of "Manjiro: The Man Who Discovers America" is timeless and romantic. Manjiro, a humble Japanese fisher-boy born in 1827, is shipwrecked and rescued by an American whaling vessel. He is bright and intelligent, brave and honorable, and his personality operates on the ship's captain to such an extent that he is adopted as a mascot, taken to America, sent to school, and trained so that he becomes a ship's officer.

After ten years, in which Manjiro learns much and almost forgets his native language, he returns to Japan. Japan in 1851 was, of course, a closed-door country, and despite repeated efforts on the part of European and American powers to establish relations—economic or diplomatic—the Japanese had up to then refused any and all contact with "the hairy barbarians." Manjiro himself because of his sojourn abroad was under suspicion, although his recital of what life was like in America became part of Japanese official reports and every word carefully recorded. A few samples, taken at random, read: "American women have quaint customs; for instance, some of them make a hole through the lobes of their ears and run a gold or silver ring through this hole as an ornament." . . . "Every year on the Fourth of July they have a big celebration. . . . On that day they display the weapons they used in the war." . . . "When a mother happens to have very little milk in her breasts to give her child she gives of all things a cow's milk. . . . But it is true that no ill effect of this strange habit has been reported from any part of the country."

In 1853 the visit of Commodore Perry finally forced open Japan's doors, and despite the fact that these negotiations were laboriously conducted in Dutch "as archaic as that of Grotius" Manjiro was barred from them—"lest a baby dragon escape riding on the winds and clouds when a storm comes." Manjiro gradually became more and more important however. He advised the Government, he taught officials, and finally served as interpreter for the subsequent good-will missions to America and Europe.

IN essence Manjiro, because of his special moment in history and his peculiar qualifications, was the first person ever to interpret America to Japan. His contribution towards opening the minds and hearts of the up-to-then island-locked Japanese towards the foreigners across the water was vital and is a matter of history. Now in the skilled hands of Mr. Kaneko it has become a matter of literature as well. An American after finishing "Manjiro: The Man Who Discovers America" might do well to reverse the title, for the reader finds that he has discovered Japan as much as he has had an account of what America looked and felt like a hundred years ago to a Japanese.

"He's telling about how we believe in the Sacred Hippopotamus who created Man out of oyster shells—don't ask me how he keeps a straight face!"

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Saint in Burma

"To the Golden Shore," by Courtney Anderson *(Little, Brown. 530 pp. $6), is a biography of the American missionary Adoniram Judson, who a century ago helped establish the first bonds between the United States and the Far East. Our reviewer is Bradford Smith, author of "Americans from Japan" and other books.*

By Bradford Smith

IT HAS been fashionable to laugh at the missionaries, but the fact is that their stories are often epic in courage and endurance. They suffered unimaginable hardships and sometimes torture and death. They mastered strange tongues and in the process learned the customs and habits of mind of the people they hoped to convert—learned them well because of the subtle task they had set, to change the whole complex of attitudes towards God and man.

The valuable letters and reports they sent home were widely read in church papers, Sunday school lessons, popular biographies, and are still of value to scholars today. A whole popular literature sprang up which acquainted Americans with the far corners of the earth. Thus the men and women who went out to them gained the stature of heroes in their own time. Their names were household words, their sufferings held up as models of Christian conduct.

Of all the early missionaries Adoniram Judson was both the earliest and the best known. He became a legend in his own lifetime. Yet how many Americans could identify him today—aside, perhaps, from the Baptists, who have held him in remembrance as one of their saints?

Courtney Anderson's retelling of this great life in a new book entitled "To the Golden Shore" is beautifully done. It tells the story straight—with feeling yet without effusion, with sympathy yet without defense. It can be read as pure story—and what a story! It can be read as travelogue—and a fascinating one—or it can be read (though Mr. Anderson nowhere intrudes this point of view) as a religious tract—a story of the unbelievable triumph of the Christian gospel in a hostile land.

Judson's story is too packed with action to be crammed into a summary paragraph. Son of a New England preacher, he had renounced the calling to be a minister which his father had held before him, turning—of all things—to the theatre. Disillusionment and the shock of an incident that looked like the intervention of God turned him back to the ministry. Offered a place in a Boston church, assured of a brilliant and successful career, he chose instead to be the first American foreign missionary.

In 1812 he left for unknown Burma with his young bride, Nancy Hasseltine, and another young couple. The Burmese were suspicious of foreigners, hostile to the strange religion. Adoniram had to suffer persecution and to face death in agonizing forms before his preaching began to take hold. At one moment he enjoyed the favor of the tyrannical Emperor in his golden palace; at another he and his family were in the greatest danger and want. Disease threatened him and his wife, taking away one child after another. Nearly every journey by sea—and there were many—was an extended torture with death always close by.

Nancy died and was succeeded by Sarah Boardman. Sarah died and was succeeded—during the trip back home Adoniram had never expected to make—by the popular writer Fanny Forester. During one black period Adoniram felt that his trials and crosses must come from some guilt within himself. He gave away all that he had, attempting by mortification to cure himself. But aways he worked at his great task—the translation of the Bible into Burmese. He finished the job, then went on to write a dictionary. By that time he was as much Burmese as American.

If anyone questions the selflessness with which Americans have devoted their lives to the service of men in far places, and without hope or desire of reward, this is a good book to read. It is a noble, exciting, and satisfying story of a great life.

Kathleen D. Mellen—"vigor, passion."

Yanks in Hawaii

"The Gods Depart," by Kathleen Dickenson Mellen *(Hastings House. 300 pp. $5), third volume of a history of Hawaii, gives the Hawaiian side of the explosive years of 1832-1872 when the kings wished the newcomers would go home. Darwin Teilhet, author of a number of novels with a Hawaiian background, reviews it below.*

By Darwin Teilhet

WHEN someone devotes thirty years to informing himself and then with vigor and passion opens old controversies by giving the Hawaiians' own view of the "outsiders" who attempted "to remold the small island kingdom in the image of their own alien lands," as Kathleen Dickenson Mellen has in "The Gods Depart," one must wonder uneasily if the thunderbolts she describes as striking from the sky when, long ago, the old gods gave way to the new are, after all, so distant in time and only from a forgotten tropical storm. It is as if everything that happened then is in miniature happening all over again today on the rim of the Pacific.

"The Gods Depart" echoes an early Hawaiian monarch's anguished cry that the *haoles* or outsiders were "hellish conspirators," that they should pack up and return to their homes. One thinks of the shrill cry "Go home, go home, Americans!" too often heard today from confused people harking back to the good old times before everything changed—exactly as the Hawaiians in their legends harked back to an idyllic age before the missionaries landed.

Mrs. Mellen places herself on the side of the Hawaiians as a fully accoutered partisan. It is exciting to find someone striving to present an indigenous point of view of a time of turmoil and transition. "The Gods Depart" is the third volume of her chronicle of Hawaii's golden age and decline. In her "The Lonely Warrior" she evoked all the glories of the great King Kamehameha, who as a young chieftain of about twenty met Captain Cook and went on to unify the islands and died the year before the first missionaries arrived. In her second book, "The Magnificent Matriarch," Mrs. Mellen told of the first crumbling of the golden age by carrying through to 1832 until the death of—hold your hats—Kaahumanu, *kuhina nui*, one of the good king's favorite wives and a matriarchal prime minister in the

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Food for a Better World

ONE OF the most exciting stories in the world is taking place today without fanfare or headlines. It is a story about food and people who need it. The story is full of vital statistics, the most important of which is that almost fifty million high-protein meals have been given to hungry people throughout the world—given not through relief projects financed and operated by governments, but by a voluntary program set up by individual citizens in the United States. Another vital statistic is that these meals, highly regarded by nutrition experts, are produced at a cost of about 3 cents per meal.

The story has its beginnings during the Depression, when a Los Angeles cafeteria owner named Clifford Clinton was troubled by the abundance both of food and hungry people. He carefully figured his costs, then posted a sign outside his restaurant saying that any person who needed food could buy a bowl of nourishing soup and a thick slice of bread—for one penny. In half a year he had nearly a million takers. His next innovation—also the product of close figuring—was a 5-cent meal: soup, a little meat, two vegetables, and pudding. Individuals and organizations inspired by Clinton's simple approach to a major problem contributed to the project.

The war helped to lift the United States out of the Depression, but it also brought famine or near-famine to millions in Europe and Asia. Clinton saw no reason why his experience in preparing nourishing low-cost meals couldn't be put to use in an organized way on a large scale. He knew he could lick the economics of the problem; what really troubled him was a long string of questions having to do with the wide variety of tastes and food customs throughout the needy areas. What about religious restrictions on certain kinds of foods? What about shipping, refrigeration, and spoilage?

In an effort to answer these questions Clinton gave the California Institute of Technology $5,000 in 1943 for research in the development of a high-protein food that was refrigeration-free, inexpensive to produce, easy to make, lacking any taboo ingredients by large groups of people. It would have to be kind to the taste buds and be adaptable to a wide variety of food forms.

The man who was given this astounding assignment was Dr. Henry Borsook, a biochemist. In less than a year Borsook came up with the answer. It was a food that would utilize one of the richest sources of protein available anywhere—the grits produced after soybeans are processed for margarine or cooking oils. To this he added essential minerals and vitamins. In this way, without drawing on regular sources of food supply, he was able to put together a highly nourishing basic food which could sustain good health if no other food were available. It could serve as stock for soup, or be mixed with corn meal or wheat flour and baked into excellent bread, or used as a general nutritional supplement. Cost of a full serving: 3 cents.

Thus was born "MPF" and "MFM"—a Multi-Purpose Food produced and distributed by Meals for Millions, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif., a non-profit foundation born in 1946. In the ten years it has operated it has served people in 102 countries—one of the most impressive attacks on hunger in history undertaken by an official group. MFM has received its money from individual citizens, including thousands of dollars sent in by the youngsters who have developed the habit of putting 3 cents into a jar each time they sit down to a meal.

RECENTLY, with the expansion of Meals for Millions, local development has been favored. This is not merely a matter of eliminating packaging and shipping costs; it strengthens the principle of self-help. In places this has resulted in some variation from the original formula. In Iraq, for example, where there is no surplus of soybean by-products to draw upon, Government research is under way to combine surplus dates and sesame meal for a lightweight concentrate.

The human sparkplug behind MPF is Florence Rose, executive director, who has just returned from a world tour during which she set up local units of MFM and arranged to ship hundreds of tons of Multi-Purpose Food to places where local manufacture was not feasible but where a famine-prevention program was urgent. In India meetings were held with Government leaders and social-welfare agencies. Miss Rose conferred with Union Agriculture Minister Panjabrao S. Deshmukh, who sampled the food and became immediately interested in establishing a Meals for Millions organization in India. Research staffs in India now report that peanut meal, which India has in abundance, would serve the same purpose as soybean meal. Nehru has authorized production of MPF in India. Pending such large-scale production, Miss Rose has arranged to ship 100,000 pounds of the food from the United States.

In a dozen other countries throughout the world Miss Rose's visits have resulted in the creation of local organizations, many of which are already functioning. In Pakistan citizens committees are conducting experiments with the food in Lahore and Karachi. In Burma demonstrations have been held in refugee camps, and a fairly substantial supply has been made available. In the Philippines hospitals which have used the food have reported excellent results. In Israel a small-scale research project has been set up to study its dietary value.

Elsewhere in this issue there appears an advertisement of the MFM Foundation, space for which is being contributed by the editors. *SR* readers are invited to become part of a program that is making inspired sense. MFM will not save the world, but it speaks a language that people understand and respect. Food can't solve all our problems, but no problem can be solved without it. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FACT'S NASTY HABIT

IN RESEARCH IN AMERICA (*SR* Apr. 21) John Lear defined science as a "systematic choosing of the relevant and rejecting of the inconsequential." Then he defined the purpose of *SR*/ RESEARCH as the re-establishment of the "common man's belief in the oneness of things." Here's a paradox! How can anything be "inconsequential" if there's a "oneness of things." Actually, every scientist knows that today's "inconsequential" has a nasty habit of turning up as tomorrow's "fact."

FRANK J. THRASHER, JR.

Essex Center, Vt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear replies: "I began by saying that science was 'endlessly roving.' When coupled with 'systematic choosing' those words seem to me to mean a continuous sequence of choices applied to particular sets of facts known at specific times. If life ever stood still, and allowed itself to be fitted with an all-inclusive harness that controlled its smallest twitch, then nothing inconsequential might be encountered. The trouble is: life won't stand still."*

TREADING THE TROD

I NOTE that Atcheson Hench (*SR* June 23) is happy to see "tread" reappearing as a past participle. Perhaps he should restrain his joy. I have noticed in student themes many times—and at least twice in print—sentences like the following: "We are now trodding the paths our fathers tread before us."

JANE D. SHENTON,
Temple University.

Philadelphia, Pa.

FOWLER AND HOPKINS

DELIGHTFUL THAT Hench should be concerned about "tread" vs. "trod" where Fowler isn't. Allow me to recall the fifth verse of Hopkins's sonnet to "God's Grandeur": "Generations have trod, have trod, have trod." The Episcopalian hymnal offers other instances. After all, it's poets who make the language.

HANFORD HENDERSON,
The American University.

Georgetown, D. C.

TEN COMMANDMENTS?

COULD HOLLIS ALPERT ("Sexual Behavior in the American Movie," *SR* June 23) please explain the difference between the old "taboos" he refers to and the Ten Commandments?

MARY L. HAYDOCK.

Yonkers, N. Y.

PENNY PEEPSHOWS

ALPERT'S PIECE is pseudoscientific gobbledegook. Penny peepshows and burlesque may satisfy his tastes, but why subject the average moviegoer to them? Is pornography "art?"

FREDRIC K. KRATINA, M. D.
Stanford University Hospital.

San Francisco, Calif.

"This looks like as good a place as any."

POOR AUTHOR

IS THE AUTHOR the forgotten man in the operation of university presses? Chester Kerr (*SR* May 19) includes a diagram showing how "The University Press Dollar" was distributed in 1948 and 1955. In 1948 the authors received 11.5 per cent and in 1955, 8.6 per cent. Thus, the percentage received by the authors dropped by one fourth in those seven years. Also we read, "Some 30 per cent of the titles . . . in 1955 were royalty-free . . . the authors had to be content with seeing them in print." Surely it is regrettable that those who *create* the books get such a scanty and diminishing share of the financial returns.

ALBERT R. CHANDLER,
Professor Emeritus,
Ohio State University.

Columbus, Ohio.

IT'S A UNIVERSITY NOW

CHESTER KERR, secretary of the Yale University Press, lists Michigan State *College* as one of the six new members of the Association of the American University Presses. In the same issue Richard Morris, professor of American history at Columbia University, tells his readers that the author of "Charles Beard and the Constitution" is Robert E. Brown of Michigan State *College*. Let me hasten to inform everyone that the name change from Michigan State College to Michigan State University was made almost a year ago. What's more, MSU played in the Rose Bowl last January.

HARRIET MEYERS.

Okemos, Mich.

MULLER'S WARNING

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive of a more important selection of information than H. J. Muller's "Race Poisoning by Radiation" (*SR* June 9). The material in it can be used by poet, novelist, and playwright to warn the public about the dangers of tampering with human evolution.

F. J. TREMBLEY,
Lehigh University.

Bethlehem, Pa.

TAIRGSE FROM ILLINOIS

THE NEWSPAPERS have noted the common grave and English epitaph for Scottish draftees recently killed in the forest fire on Cyprus. For shame! Here is one Scotswoman who will speak up properly:

An Caoidh

Och mo thruaighe! Glasgow men,
Who died by stark Pervasa:
Far from Right, in flaming night,
To serve a tyrant's tairgse.

The Gods of Cyprus give you rest,
Who burned for English "order."
Sleep not in shame. They'll cry your name,
When next Scots cross a Border!

Glossary: An Caoidh—a lament, but with the connotation of weeping bitterly; *Och mo thruaighe!*—Alas, the day; *tairgse*—bidding.

CAROLYN ROSE BABSON.

Batavia, Ill.

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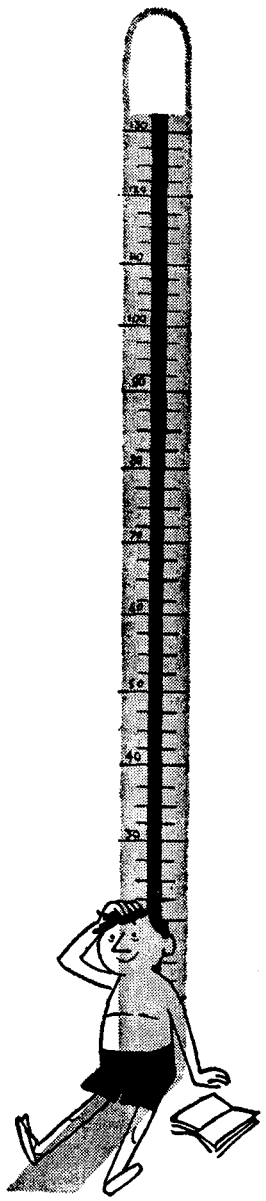
MARBORO'S SIZZLING SUMMER SALE



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A Close Look at the Art-Industries

"The Public Arts," by Gilbert Seldes *(Simon & Schuster. 303 pp. $3.95), continues this noted critic's examination of "the lively arts"—motion pictures, radio, TV,* et al.

By Hollis Alpert

GILBERT SELDES probably can be considered our most responsible critic, not only because he is a sort of watch-dog of the rights and the welfare of the public in the area of communications and entertainment, but because he has done what few critics of his stature have done, the continual assessing, evaluation, and appreciation of our popular arts. It was he who first termed them the lively arts. That was more than thirty years ago, and the phrase has gone into the language. It is significant that his new book is called "The Public Arts." The popular arts are of much more concern to all of us now, and Mr. Seldes is more seriously concerned about them. His first book could be regarded as a flank assault on the genteel tradition, and perhaps as a kind of reverse snobbism. But in "The Public Arts," and in its predecessor "The Great Audience," Mr. Seldes is a wholly serious man (which does not mean that he is anything but a lively writer) and he is dealing with matters of the largest importance.

To the sensitive (and critics are sometimes sensitive) the art-industries —movies, radio, TV—are often a strain on the nerves, an assault on good taste, an affront to the intellect, which may partly explain why so few of our best critical minds are inclined to do periodic battle with them. "The defects of all attempts so far to influence the mass media," says Mr. Seldes, "have been an almost snobbish dislike of them and an exaggerated fear." Perhaps the fear he refers to is fear of contamination through too much exposure. One therefore shrinks from looking too frequently at Jackie Gleason or the gloomy hound-dog face of Ed Sullivan. Mr. Seldes, however, has not only exposed himself to the popular arts, he has found in them talent, lively imagination, and sometimes genius. He has acted as judicial friend to them, but he has never hesitated to serve warning to them when they are infringing upon our liberties, and he has also sent up warning flags to the public when such action seemed called for.

ONE section of "The Public Arts" takes up the matter of Murrow's McCarthy telecasts, two cleverly filmed programs that had much to do with settling the dreadful demogogue's goose for awhile. Many of us were heartened or pleased by these brave programs, but Mr. Seldes wonders about the precedents being set by a so skilful and widely disseminated attack on an individual. Have the networks, the programmers, the sponsors the right to use their vast powers in this way? The big question is whether Mr. Murrow slanted his presentations—it seemed to me that a simple matter of truth was involved—but at the same time I can comprehend Mr. Seldes's worries.

On the other hand, Mr. Seldes has a great deal of respect for the dignified level achieved by Murrow in most of his presentations, and is, in fact, quick to applaud responsibility wherever he sees it—whether the issue be toll TV, educational programming, UHF versus VHF—all, as he demonstrates, important public issues.

I can't quite follow Mr. Seldes in his high regard for Jimmy Durante—this is in the section devoted to an assessment of the popular entertainers, such as Berle, Benny, and Gleason—but it is pleasant to have a keen critical mind appreciating the skills of a Jack Benny and coping with the excesses of a Jackie Gleason. His sections on the motion picture ("the lonely art," he calls it) expand considerably upon the analyses he made in "The Great Audience," and particularly fruitful, I thought, was his discussion of the manipulation of time in the dramas presented in movie houses, contrasted with time in TV dramas. There is an interesting psychological distinction here, one that helps clarify the differences between the media.

Mr. Seldes raises throughout more questions than he answers, and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish whether he is pro, con, or on the fence —but this is undoubtedly by design, for it is the massed voice of the responsible public which must eventually make the decisions.

Advice from a Comic Book

By Edwin Honig

INEXPERIENCED young cutthroats with small hands
Might start on snails, toads, and sparrows, then
Progress to decrepit grandmas or aunts. Such practice
Enlarges the knuckles, makes finger joints supple, able
To finish tough neckbones off with a flourish. Next,
Collarless dogs that circle and whimper in shrubbery;
Then on to blue and pink tots bawling in carriages
Braked by mamas who shop or gossip indoors.
Caution often is needed not to attract
A dissolute neighbor out on a sill, intent
On raising a stink. Then teachers, of course—a particular
Joy—with backs always turned at the blackboard. Mothers
And fathers require more cunning, a knack, the element
Of surprise, a weapon that's lighter and sharper
Than bread knives may even, at times, be desired. Audacious
Young hands may then have the craft to dispatch a street-car
Conductor, a cop or a rabbi strolling alone
Through the park. Lovers in cars will surely present
The need for silky techniques before one is skilled
In the real killer-diller, hog-holler, jugular feel
Of the job that will finally start one small experienced
Hand slyly to inch, climb and rip its way up,
And, with one sweet swoosh of the knife, entirely
Sever its own little head from the shoulders.

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Humor Is a Serious Business

***"The Funny Men," by Steve Allen** (Simon & Schuster. 279 pp. $3.95), is an analysis of the talents of sixteen top TV comedians by a seventeenth, a man of uncommon and varied talent.*

By Allen Churchill

THOSE of us who customarily spend Sunday nights in front of TV—and a good many of those who do not—are aware that a desperate NBC has just pitted a horn-rimmed, nonchalant, and knowing young comedian named Steve Allen against Ed Sullivan, the perennial titan of CBS, in the 8:00-to-9:00 hour. In a sense this constitutes a contest of brains against brawn, for Steve Allen not only looks like the most intelligent of today's funny fellows—the word may even be intellectual—but he *is* just that. Last fall he published a volume of short stories which was well received by literary critics, and on many occasions he has spoken out with intelligence on subjects other than TV. He also sees the world with a sharp sense of humor, which he uses in his work. Thus, on his first program opposing Ed Sullivan he was led onstage by a pretty girl. The reason, he promptly explained, was that high-domed contestants on "The $64,000 Question" apparently had to be led by the hand to center stage, so how could he be expected to find it alone. "Who else," asked critic John Crosby the next morning, "sees things that way?"

Unfortunately very few, a fact only highlighted by Steve Allen's latest prose effort, a book called "The Funny Men," which in a series of essays discusses the skills of Milton Berle, Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope, George Gobel, Groucho Marx, Red Buttons, and others, to make sixteen in all. To this reviewer, at least, today's top comedians cannot stand the searching light of appraisal even by a fellow craftsman well disposed to one and all. The reason would seem to be that in print so few of our top comics emerge as personalities or even interesting human beings. Rather, from these pages one gets a picture of a few individuals who have discovered in themselves a knack for spouting comedy lines, but not for creating them. So they must depend on writers, whom they bedevil and resent. As such these top TV comedians are little more than machines for projecting laughs. They are not comedians in the sense that a comic is a funny man, and Mr. Allen quotes Max Liebman as putting this into words by saying, "To me the true comedians are the people like Groucho, Fred Allen, W. C. Fields, Benchley—those who are funny on stage or off. The others, mind you, can be just as funny, but only when in *character*. Basically they don't seem to be comedians. . . . They are actors, entertainers, or mimics."

Of course, this is not true of all the sixteen Mr. Allen analyzes. It is not true of Sam Levenson, Wally Cox, perhaps George Gobel, or Steve Allen himself. Mr. Allen's first analysis is of the late Fred Allen, and from it that comedian emerges with even greater stature than before. He was a personality with a unique point of view: his humor was topical or based on the quirks to be found in all of us. Steve Allen notes ruefully that a good number of his viewers seem to believe he is Fred Allen's son. He needn't be rueful. There is a resemblance between the two men, and long may it wave.

For the rest, "The Funny Men" reads something like a sequel to "The Golden Ham," which recently showed Jackie Gleason offstage as a driven, unhappy, unfunny man. Only a few of Mr. Allen's comedians view themselves realistically. Jack Benny, who in these pages seems modest and likable, is quoted as seeing himself in the odd position of editor of humor. "I work closely with my writers," he says. "But the one factor which has been important . . . is that I'm a damn good editor. Most people don't realize that the star of a weekly comedy series is like the editor of a weekly newspaper or magazine. He has to assign writers to produce certain material."

If Jack Benny can edit, Steve Allen can write. His book is a serious attempt to evaluate his brethren, but the brethren—though the millions they collectively earn would seem to be almost enough to pay the national debt—just don't seem worth it. TV comedians don't rate a book—they just rate TV.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THEY COME IN PAIRS

"Having had twins recently myself," writes Lucy Black Johnson of Riverside, Conn., "I find that twins seem to pop out at me in literature all the time now." She offers examples and asks you to name them and the authors who created them (where identifiable). Birth certificates on page 36.

1. These identical girl twins married the same man in the belief that he was identical twins too.
2. These identical boy twins, one very good and one very bad, solved their particular problem by observing alternate days on which each took over complete control of the activities of both, causing the bad one much boredom and the good one much shame and horror.
3. One of these morbid fraternal twins, the last of their line, is thought dead but comes back from the family vault to face her brother, whereupon both fall dead together.
4. Of these fraternal male twins one was a plain man dwelling in tents, the other a cunning hunter and man of the field; the former, a rather sharp type, becomes a highly successful person.
5. When these identical twin boys meet a little girl they act out a poem she knows.
6. Of these twin sons of a vestal virgin and a god one kills the other and later, after an epochal career, disappears in a thunderstorm.
7. These identical boy twins fell out of their prams and after exciting adventures involving pirates and Indians were adopted by a kindly London family.
8. Of these foundling twin boys one died of an infected cut and the other from a fall into a gorge.
9. One of these fraternal twins is loved by a rich widow who discovers that the object of her affection is a girl in disguise and who then marries the boy twin.
10. One of these identical male twins was murdered with a poisoned thorn, and his brother was falsely accused of the crime.

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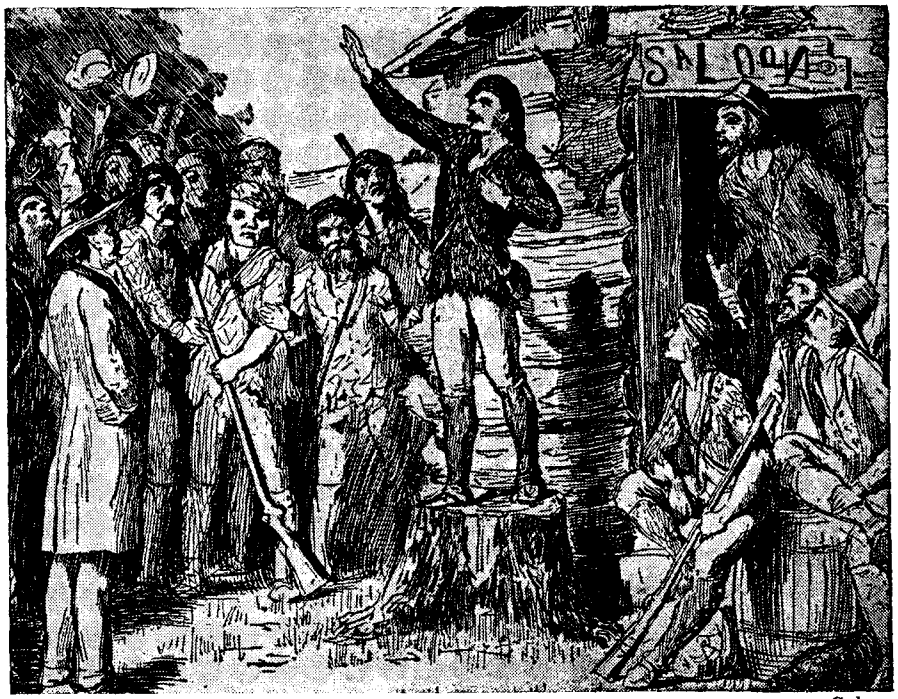

—Culver.

Crockett Making a Characteristic Canvass—"both shrewder and more naive than alleged."

R.I.P.: King of the Wild Frontier

"David Crockett: The Man and the Legend," by James Atkins Shackford *(University of North Carolina Press. 338 pp. $6), is a scholarly inquiry into the career and character of a much-sung American folk hero. Here it is reviewed by Walter Blair, University of Chicago, author of a groundbreaking 1940 article on Crockett published in* The Southwest Review.

By Walter Blair

ABOUT this time only a summer ago Davy Crockett's *annus mirabilis* was reaching its climax. That intrusive song about the King of the Wild Frontier was leading the Hit Parade and hammering defenseless ears everywhere. Manufacturers were frantically producing Crockett caps, jackets, compacts, diapers, and space guns; and moppets were howling for these and other memorabilia. Sundry journalists, interested in safeguarding American morals (at regular rates), were engaging in extensive research to determine whether they should terminate the craze. After becoming specialists by reading a book and an article or two some viewed it with alarm and others hailed it with joy. There was a hot controversy which lasted all of several weeks with no perceivable effects, and which ended abruptly about the time the Crockett frenzy faded away.

James Atkins Shackford's "David Crockett: The Man and the Legend," though it shows up this great debate as largely irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial, was not inspired by the learned argument, nor does it refer to it. First written in 1948 as a doctoral dissertation at Vanderbilt University, it was augmented, modified, and thoroughly rewritten over a period of several years. When it was in its late stages serious illness halted its author's work, and his brother completed the revision.

The preface indicates that the subtitle of the book may be somewhat misleading, for it firmly states that this study will have practically no truck with the "Davy" of legend—that its concern, instead, will be almost solely with the historical "David" who scholars have assumed long ago disappeared into a legendary haze: "Though none of the Crockett scholars have ever gone to many of the original sources . . . such sources do exist: holographs, court records of counties where he lived, documents of the Creek Indian War in which he fought, archives of the state where he dwelt for most of his life, legislative and Congressional records, authentic reminiscences. . . ."

HAVING relentlessly hunted down scores of such sources, scattered though they were all over the United States, Professor Shackford was able to relate in meticulous detail the story of Crockett's life on the frontier, his military career, his political activities. The narrative and arguments supporting its accuracy are much too detailed to engage any but specialists; this is by no means a popularized biography. But its findings, nevertheless, are important.

Their importance is suggested when one compares the man here displayed with the figure about whom last summer disputants fought so ferociously. The Crockett of history refuses to conform to the simple characterizations and the neat melodramatic patterns which were assumed to be historically sound. Historians who praised or damned Crockett for his conservatism oversimplified, since, although he was an unrelenting foe of Jackson, his lifelong effort was to pass legislation not to the right but to the left of Jackson's position. Those who argued about Crockett's intelligence also were misled, because he was at times both shrewder and more naive than they alleged. His motives, like those of most men, were too complex to be labeled simply "good" or "bad." His military career was in some ways more heroic, in some ways less, than has been claimed. And his life followed an overall pattern hitherto undiscerned: "David's hate for Andrew Jackson was his undoing. The tragic drama of his life must be understood in terms of that weakness." Such are some findings which emerge when Dr. Shackford looks carefully at the true authorship and motivations of books and speeches incorrectly or correctly attributed to the frontiersman and when he thoroughly assesses newly found authentic sources.

Unsympathetic as he clearly is toward the legendary Davy, the author, in his "Epilogue," is satisfied merely to initiate a line of inquiry which his study for the first time makes possible. Granted that this is a portrait of "David," how, precisely, does the "Davy" of legend differ from him? When and how did "Davy" come into being? And what are the reasons for the differences? A competent investigation of these problems would throw light upon the tastes and the fantasies of the American people.

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The Troubled Life of Billy Bonney

"The Tragic Days of Billy the Kid," by Frazier Hunt *(Hastings House. 316 pp. $5), is a retelling of the short but active career of the fabulous New Mexican. Our reviewer is Stanley Vestal, author of many books on the American frontier.*

By Stanley Vestal

BILLY THE KID was a legend even in his lifetime, and ever since has remained, in the words of Arthur Chapman, "wholly the most unaccountable figure in frontier history." In "The Tragic Days of Billy the Kid" Frazier Hunt has tried to peel away the many fancies and misrepresentations accumulated through three quarters of a century and show us the man himself. For the most part Billy the Kid has been presented either as a vicious killer under the banner "He Killed Twenty-one Men" or as a Robin Hood, a benevolent bandit defending the poor and oppressed against tyrannical and unscrupulous overlords. His saga grew so rapidly he became fabulous, mythical; his name better known than any other in New Mexico's long history.

This new book attempts to sweep away the myths, and it would be idle to suppose that it has been wholly successful. Yet much has been done. The author had, of course, the work of such as were personally acquainted with Billy: George Washington Coe, Pat F. Garrett and his collaborator or ghost Ash Upson, Governor Miguel Antonio Otero, and John William Poe. But he was also fortunate in having the use of the thorough research and collections of the late Lt. Col. Maurice Garland Fulton, an unrivaled authority on the Lincoln County War, as well as the aid of Robert N. Mullin and J. Evetts Haley. From these he has gathered the many documents, letters, and newspaper accounts here published for the first time, including not a few letters from the Kid's own hand—letters which show him considerably more literate and intelligent than the myth-makers had led us to believe. It also appears that Billy was not bloodthirsty, but a rather kindly fellow with many friends and admirers, especially among gentle and polite Spanish-Americans, who have no patience with rough and discourteous Anglos. To them Billy was no *burro*, but a gay *caballero*. In spite of his buck teeth he is described as handsome, with considerable charm and gallantry, gay and witty—even when manacled and facing execution. He was by habit and inclination an inveterate gambler and horse-racer, fatalistic, free-handed, careless of the future yet a born leader.

He was born Henry McCarty, was sometimes called Henry or Billy Antrim after his stepfather, but preferred the name William H. Bonney; he changed from McCarty in order not to smirch the family name with his banditry. For on August 17, 1877, near Fort Grant, he shot and killed one E. P. Cahill, a bully who had got the Kid down, pinned down his arms with his knees, and was slapping his face. The Kid, not yet eighteen, mounted and fled on the nearest horse—which he later sent back to its owner. The coroner's jury found the shooting "criminal and unjustifiable." From then on the Kid was in trouble, and often enough in dangerous company.

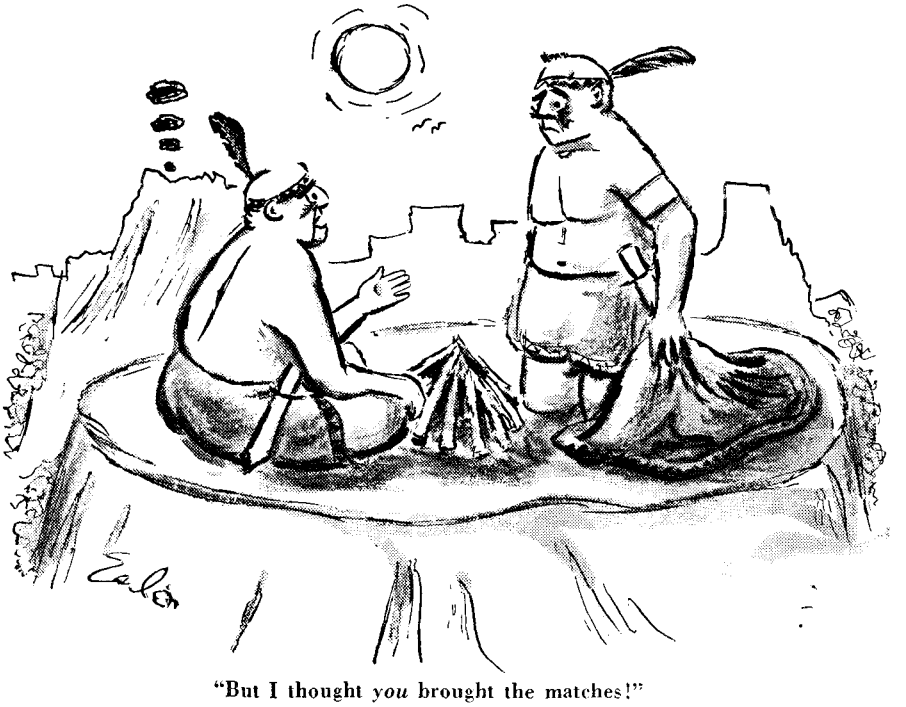
It was his misfortune to attach himself to men who were on the losing side in the Lincoln County War: Tunstall, the naive English rancher who, unable to realize the danger he was in, was murdered in cold blood; McSween, whose indecision at the moment of escape from his burning house got him shot: John Chisum, who neglected to reward Billy for his services and turned the cold shoulder on him in the end. Even Governor Lew Wallace, at first his friend, abandoned him. Billy was caught between mighty opposites lusting for power and lived to be the last man of his band. But he still hung around New Mexico until the law caught up with him in 1881 and Sheriff Pat Garrett shot him in the dark.

THE reader looking for the legendary twenty-one killings will be disappointed with this book. Billy usually avoided trouble when he could, and more than once rode off leaving a friend who, he saw, would not defend himself. Billy's judgment was as sound as his courage, and both beyond his years.

The author shows great sympathy for Billy, and where facts are lacking inclines to give the Kid the benefit of the doubt. He takes the privilege at times to imagine the Kid's feelings and thoughts. But on the whole he sticks closely to the record and always lets the reader know when he makes a surmise.

Not the least of the charms of this slow-paced but fascinating story are the thumbnail portraits of dozens of other characters, vivid and understanding sketches, sometimes etched with acid. These form a varied and exciting gallery, and a good many of them belong, in author Hunt's opinion, in a rogues gallery.

The only things we miss in the book are an index and a lot of photographs of old-time scenes and faces. There is not even a portrait of the Kid.



"But I thought *you* brought the matches!"

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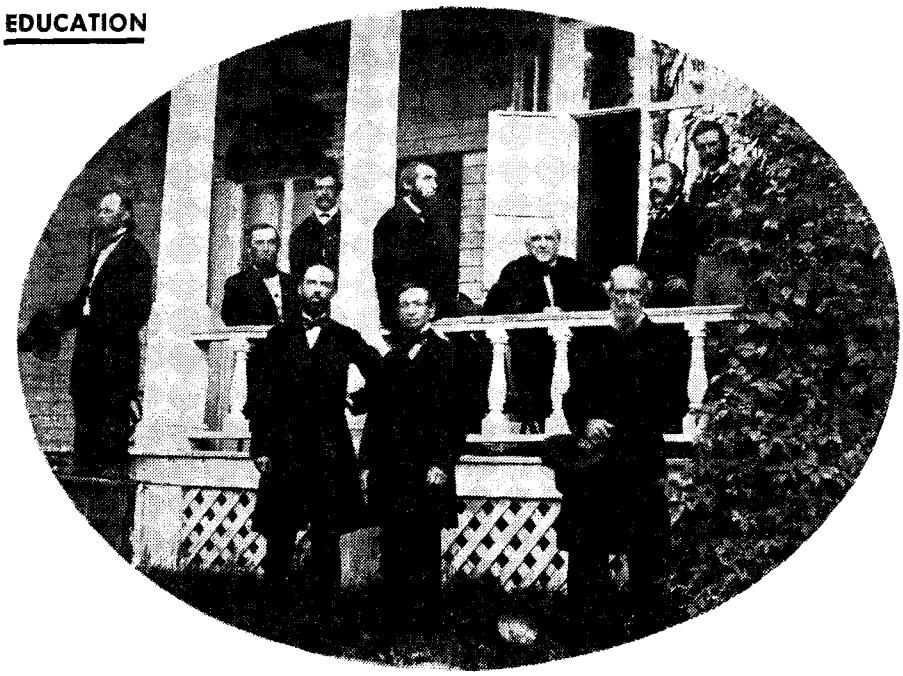

Mark Hopkins (fourth from right) with Williams faculty, *circa* 1866—"inspired teaching."

Williams's Great Prexy

"Mark Hopkins and the Log," by Frederick Rudolph *(Yale University Press. 267 pp. $4.75), is a biography of a president of Williams College whose name has become linked with a celebrated theory of education. It is reviewed here by Claude M. Fuess, an Amherst man who for many years was headmaster of Phillips Academy.*

By Claude M. Fuess

AS ITS title implies, Frederick Rudolph's "Mark Hopkins and the Log" is a biographical study of a man who was president of Williams College for thirty-six years, from 1836 to 1872, and who by a fortunate chance became the symbol of an important educational theory. Chance alighted on his reputation on the evening of December 28, 1871, when the New York alumni of Williams held a dinner at Delmonico's. Although not more than eighty were present, one of them was James A. Garfield, then a Congressman from Ohio. President Mark Hopkins was not there, but Professor John Bascom made a sensational speech giving "a brief resume of the disadvantages and disabilities of the College at present." He charged that the trustees were too old, the faculty underpaid, and the alumni neglectful of their responsibilities, and that even the president was characterized by a want of enterprise. Then it was that Garfield, annoyed by this tactless and poorly-timed utterance, expressed his conviction that the inspired teaching of Hopkins was in itself a justification of the college. No contemporary account prints exactly what Garfield said, but it has gone down in educational history as having been: "The ideal college is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other." In this phrasing it has survived to our day, quoted again and again by commencement orators.

While examining the Hopkins legend Mr. Rudolph, an assistant professor of history at Williams, has presented a fascinating picture of a small New England college in the mid-nineteenth century, its rigid curriculum, its athletics, its religious revivals, and its secret fraternities, with their emphasis on "manners, charm, and a well-turned physique." He has done this by accumulating and organizing a vast amount of material and presenting his conclusions without extravagant claims or sentimentality. Choosing a topical rather than a strictly chronological technique, Mr. Rudolph has used the "profile" method to building up his study of both Hopkins and the college. It is a scholarly, well-documented performance, and the results are highly satisfactory. The account of an undergraduate revolt, or "boycott," in November 1868, arising from a difference of opinion between the president and his faculty on a matter of discipline, shows that the college campus had plenty of problems. No less interesting from another aspect is the tale of how the wealthy Amos Lawrence, hearing one of Hopkins's Lowell Institute lectures, decided to give Williams $5,000 and eventually, out of friendship, became its liberal benefactor.

HOPKINS was probably right in feeling that his forte was teaching. Especially in his early years he powerfully impressed many undergraduates, especially those who were willing to agree with him that the really big questions were beyond dispute. His essential dogmatism, like that of other great teachers of philosophy, including Garman at Amherst, influenced many eminent disciples. But his thought was decidedly limited. Rudolph declares, "For Mark Hopkins life began and ended in Berkshire County, Massachusetts" and he had "an almost inbred distrust" of the world beyond its narrow confines. His particular concern in his teaching was the soul, not the mind, of youth, and he constantly stressed "the predominance of piety over intellect." On a moral issue like slavery, however, he was "cautious, circumspect, and compromising"; and, unlike his distinguished colleague Arthur Latham Perry, the militant champion of free trade, he was a declared protectionist.

Although this book will naturally appeal to Williams men it should interest the alumni of any American college. Completely free from any propaganda motive, it has a civilized spirit and tone and is obviously an attempt to sift out fact from myth. The use of humor and irony is effective, especially in such a verdict as, "For Mark Hopkins athletics—like the classroom, mountain scenery, and college tutors—should serve God, and God alone." If Mark Hopkins is "debunked," the process is as merciful as it is successful.

In his last speech as president Hopkins dwelt on his idea "of a small, unpretentious college, at which inspired teaching molded young men of good character rather than of accomplished scholarship." In 1872 he resigned as president but remained on the campus as a professor until his death on June 17, 1887, at the age of eighty-five. By that time his quality had been recognized by homage and ovations. And even out of Rudolph's honest book a man emerges—although not by any means the unblemished hero of tradition.

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Bryn Mawr's Story

***"What Makes a College?" by Cornelia Meigs** (Macmillan. 277 pp. $5), is a history of Bryn Mawr College. Elizabeth Gray Vining, alumna of Bryn Mawr and author of "Windows for the Crown Prince," reviews it below.*

By Elizabeth Gray Vining

THOUGH a college history is apt to be a parochial affair, written for graduates, prospective students, and their parents, and for the college community itself, it is not inherent in the nature of the task that it be so limited. If it is related to a broader background, to problems of education and the development of ideas, it will have far wider interest and value than the mere information and congratulation of those who have walked the campus and entered the academic halls.

In "What Makes a College?" Cornelia Meigs has described and interpreted the rise and growth of a small university for women in a way that sheds light on the course of all colleges in a critical and changing period of American education. Bryn Mawr is significant in that it has been a pioneer in various fields. It opened its doors in 1885 with thirty-six freshmen, five fellows, and a faculty of nine. The five fellows were important. Bryn Mawr was the first woman's college, and for many years the only one, to establish a graduate school. Of the nine members of the faculty six were men—and one of these was Woodrow Wilson. Alone among the women's colleges Bryn Mawr has always had a large proportion of men on the faculty. It was the first college to have student self-government.

Miss Meigs is eminently well qualified to tell the story. A graduate and for eighteen years a member of the faculty, she knows the college from the inside, but she sees it in perspective as "a study of democracy in little," and she brings out to the full the human and dramatic values.

If she seems to answer the question of her title by the division of the book into four sections corresponding to the administrations of the college's presidents it is not because she believes that presidents alone make a college, but because the drama falls naturally into four acts. The first period is perhaps the most interesting. The concern of two Quakers, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, founder, and Dr. James E. Rhoads, first president, started the college off and guided it for the first ten years—though from the beginning the dynamic and brilliant M. Carey Thomas was its dean and stamped upon it the impress of her personality. The ideas and purposes of its Quaker founders, however, to some extent overlaid and diverted as the college expanded and reached out into the new century, have been woven firmly into its fabric, and it is Miss Meigs's achievement that she has understood so well these quiet but enduring strands and has traced their influence down the years.

The twenty-eight years of the presidency of Miss Thomas, who in Rufus Jones's words had "a passion for excellence," are told with spirit and a warm admiration for Miss Thomas that still permits a candid treatment of her mistakes. The difficult period of Marion Edwards Park's assignment, through the Twenties and Thirties, was marked by "wisdom, fortitude, integrity, and vision" and by liberalizing changes which included the doing away of the "splendid isolation" cherished in an earlier day. Katharine E. McBride, coming into office in 1942, met head-on the problems of war and its demands and the postwar difficulties of adjustment and inflation. She has carried the college through turbulent waters into new fields of growth with high courage, brilliant enterprise, and a rare knowledge of "the human side of every situation."

The binding force which holds together the component elements that make a college is admirably summed up by Miss Meigs as "an unspoken loyalty, an unshakable belief in the power of human learning, in the power of men's minds as a force as great as any that exists in a universe of infinite forces."

Some Pioneers

THERE has been a spate of college histories in recent years, as many of the older institutions in this young country have reached their fiftieth or hundredth birthdays. Aimed though they are at alumni groups, faculties, and students, these histories nevertheless frequently provide generally useful sidelights on American social and local history. Two recent volumes deal with Kentucky colleges that are pioneers not only in the educational but in the Davy Crockett sense: Transylvania College and Berea College.

TRANSYLVANIA: The story of Transylvania, as told in Walter Wilson Jennings's **"Transylvania: Pioneer University of the West"** (Pageant Press, $4) is that of a typical American college: founding as a seminary which is barely even a high school, gradual expansion into a true college, but with an appendage designed to prepare students for college work, proliferation into a multi-school university, and, in this case, an unusual return to its original identity as a small, separate college. The theme which is most dominant in this history is that of persistent social demand for university training, a demand which rose above and defeated frequent religious sectarian attempts to control the institution, financial panic, and the chaos after the Civil War.

BEREA: **"Berea's First Century,"** by Elisabeth S. Peck (University of Kentucky Press, $3), tells an unusual story of a pioneer South-

(*Continued on page* 40)

Folk dancing at Berea College—"segregation is not a[n] immemorial Southern policy."

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Workingman's Guide to Shaw and Shakespeare

DOUGLAS SEALE, the forty-two-year-old director whose amazing success with Shakespeare's history plays at London's Old Vic has led to his being imported to stage "Henry V" as the inaugural attraction of The Cambridge Drama Festival, is sandwiching the Bard in between a just-completed production of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" for the Paris Festival and the forthcoming presentation of Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" for the Edinburgh Festival. However, Mr. Seale, whose short stature and lack of pretense generally cause people to underestimate him, approaches both playwrights with non-intellectual common sense and practical workmanship.

Says Mr. Seale, "Shaw had no patience with the 'intellectual' approach. He felt that the kind of director who finds it necessary to expound at length on the Oedipus complex in order to explain to the actor Hamlet's relationship with his mother should be kicked out of the theatre and the sooner the better."

Furthermore, the British director passionately attacks the popular conception that Shaw's work is all brilliance and little heart. He states, "This is true neither of his work nor of the man. Admittedly his acute critical faculty would never allow him to accept any emotional situation simply at its face value. But in analyzing it he never destroyed it like our more cynical or disillusioned contemporaries or like Shakespeare himself in his blacker moods. GBS always refused to indulge his senses, which has given rise to the belief quite widely held (even among people who should know better) that he was a pretty cold fish. Perhaps the greatest service any director can do the memory of this wise, criticized, and kind old man is to point out not only his wit and his skill but his great humanity as well."

For all his admiration Mr. Seale recognizes that today's director has problems reviving Shaw's plays. These stem largely from the fact that Shaw's style of play construction was a revolt against the flamboyant and artificial theatre of his day. Now that the theatre has become more realistic the shock-effect of Shaw's revolt is somewhat dissipated.

As for Shakespeare's history plays, Mr. Seale has found that a combination of realism and speaking larger than life-size works very well. In this respect he enumerates the following rules of thumb.

1. Remember that the plays are about real people.
2. The characters should be living some sort of a life onstage. But the actor should not misinterpret Stanislavsky by finding a personal reality rather than the reality of the character he is playing.
3. Find actors with enough technical skill not to be frightened by a long speech of blank verse, but remember that sense and feeling are more important than beautiful sounds.
4. The director should try to find moments of stillness and moments of excitement within the play.
5. Keep the scenery and costumes simple, but don't give yourself fewer resources than Shakespeare had in his original production.
6. Use music only when absolutely necessary. Try always to have the actor finish a scene in preference to finishing it with music.
7. Remember that these are Elizabethan plays in which Shakespeare is criticizing his own times rather than the earlier period in which the plays happen to be set.

The history play which brought Mr. Seale the greatest acclaim was the Old Vic production of "Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2," which is appreciately described in "Shakespeare at the Old Vic: 1954-1955" (Macmillan, $3.75), by Roger Wood and Mary Clarke:

> The overriding impression was that from the beginning Douglas Seale had envisaged the play as a whole. He obviously knew precisely how the characters were to develop so that he could illuminate themes early in the play which would recur again and again in the course of the action. Coming events cast their shadows before so clearly that there came sharp stabs of recognition as one realized that a particular event was the inevitable outcome of something that had occurred several scenes earlier. This sense of continuity and development in the theatre is a rare experience and can seldom have been achieved so strikingly.

That this ex-character actor and non-university-trained director has achieved what Brooks Atkinson has hailed as "a fresh approach to the chronicle plays" is evident from his plans for "Henry V." He has cautioned Douglas Watson, who enacts the role of Henry, not to play him as a man of blood and iron, but as a man who listens carefully and is profoundly concerned with his right to go to war. At the same time Seale has been careful not to play up references to God or made any attempt to paint the king as devout, which might tend to give Henry an odor of priggishness. Mr. Seale doesn't expect American audiences to get all the history and, indeed, feels that English audiences rarely comprehend more than two-thirds of it. However, he adds, "The important thing is that the audiences should *feel* they understand it. This you can accomplish by having the actors seem to understand it, not by just taking it for granted, but by physically going through the process of being convinced."

All of the above makes enormous practical sense and defines Mr. Seale as a no-nonsense theatre workman with a pinch of sly understanding up his sleeve. Typical of the latter quality is his reply to the challenge "Compare Shakespeare and Shaw in one sentence." Says the puckish director, "I suspect that Shakespeare was neither a teetotaler, a non-smoker, nor a vegetarian." —HENRY HEWES.

Douglas Seale—"no-nonsense workman."

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Expensive Look

IT WAS reported recently in a survey that during a particular week only 34,000,000 Americans had gone to the movies. This was a postwar low, and the news, sad as it was to almost all echelons in Hollywood, was merely a confirmation of fears they had had for quite a while. A lot of Americans are still going to the movies, although the habit isn't as firmly entrenched as it once was, but the figure is nevertheless a startling one. During the darkest days of the big Depression the audience was never that small, and these are days of prosperity and a steadily rising population. The average audience throughout the year is probably closer to 50,000,000, but sinking admissions figures mean that Hollywood's changing patterns will change all the more. One way for a studio to keep its head above the financial red waterline is to cut costs and corners, revise production methods, but the studios are in business, after all, and a good part of the business has been devoted to the proposition that if you spend a lot of money you'll make a lot of money. Small audiences may be for *some* movies, but the big ones will still lure the big audience. So the thinking, in its simplest form, goes.

"The King and I" is Twentieth Century-Fox's entry into the big picture field. Fairly verifiable rumors are that it cost $6,500,000 to make, an impressive figure even in the pre-television age. To justify that expenditure it must bring in something around $10,000,000 in the domestic market, and a good deal more abroad. The financial fortunes of the picture are important insofar as they will affect future production, but what does the public—the big audience—get for the $6,500,000 that has been invested in "The King and I"?

Well, for one thing, it gets a successful Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, done up a good deal more handsomely than it was on the stage. It gets the same basic story as it got in an earlier movie, "Anna and the King of Siam." It gets Yul Brynner's electrifying performance as King Mongkut of Siam, and it gets Deborah Kerr's appealing study of the Victorian lady tutor, Anna Leonowens. It gets some pleasant tunes, already popular, and while Miss Kerr doesn't sing her own songs her ghost voice is well matched to her speaking voice. But while the rights to the stage musical came high, and the cast is not an inexpensive one, a high proportion of the money must certainly have been spent for the production—or production values, as Hollywood terms them.

This means that the sets are some of the most lavish ever produced—vast colorful expanses, designed, filled, and decorated by the art department under Lyle Wheeler, and the set department under Walter M. Scott. This is a most modern movie in its technical details. The photography is Cinemascope-55, the color is by De Luxe (Eastman), which means that it is clear, clean, undistorted. The story has undeniable charm, sometimes a little too thickly sugared, but the excuse, so to speak, for making this movie is the opportunity it gives for a feast for the eyes.

It is a modern movie, also, in the sense that the technique is different from the kind used in movies of, say, five years back. Closeups are practically eliminated. The play of expressions on the faces of actors are perfectly clear without them. Medium shots do just as well, although obviously some change is involved in what the audience is directed to look at. The camera doesn't move in and back so much as it follows or tracks the actors. This has an impressiveness all its own. One sees a huge set done up in what might be called Hollywood Siamese—and not untasteful at that—and then as the magnetic Mr. Brynner moves through the set the camera follows, exposing new vistas. No cut is necessary. The set goes on. Thus, there is magnificence in this movie. But it is a wonder that the human element survives at all. It does, through the efforts of Mr. Brynner, Miss Kerr, and the lovely Terry Saunders, but I left with the memory of a remark made by a man sitting behind me. He said, in the middle of what should have been an affecting scene: "Guess we'll have to redecorate our apartment now."

I also left with the memory of Jerome Robbins's ballet "The Small House of Uncle Thomas," probably the most handsome and imaginative ballet Hollywood has come up with. But even that memory was tempered with the sobering thought that its execution cost $500,000, nearly twice the cost of an entire movie called "Marty."

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

The Sure-Sure Thing

FOR THE first time in nearly a year I turned on the radio at random, just to discover what's going on, and the moment the hum ended a voice, friendly but ominous, said ". . . hospital in a week, Myra" and everything was as always.

Presently Mitch Miller was being jocose about the music he was introducing, some of it from "The Most Happy Fella," which he said was based on Sidney *Kingsley's* play "They Knew What They Wanted," and apparently not even the singers from the show troubled to make a correction.

Fishing expeditions like this are unscientific. They cannot report on the quality of radio because they are unselective. But they give clues. These programs are on the air. Better ones may compete with them, but it's a fair bet that these random samples gather their share of the audience. (The stations I heard were in Boston and Providence.)

The financial plight of radio was indicated when at the end of a program of recorded music, 8-8:30 p.m., the announcer said that the time was donated each week by the station for the sale of U.S. Government bonds. (The Federal Housing Administration had a similar program later in the evening.) After that came a talk by an executive of U.S. Steel outlining its position on the threatened strike. There was a considerable amount of news and discussion on the air: "Reporters' Roundup," presented by Facts Forum (described as an adult education foundation), had the Ambassador from India; and a newspaper (in Providence, I think) announced that "of the twenty hours of news given weekly on this station more than half comes from this paper." (How many TV-stations broadcast twenty hours of news?) I caught also a report on religious news around the world, a special service not familiar in television.

Of the three plays in one evening two were crime plays, both influenced by "Dragnet" (which began on radio) and a domestic comedy of no merit. "Mystery Time," I gather, has a different kind of drama each night. I heard "Mike Molloy, Private Eye"; and "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder," with Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson, was announced for the next evening. (I take this to be the British-made Sherlock Holmes series which is absolutely first rate.) In "Mike Molloy" the voices were very good, especially the flat sad tone of the criminal's wife when she said, "I'm twenty-four years old and I look like Methusaleh. I'm old—twenty-four." But the writing also gave her lines like: "Did you ever try to jump off a cloud—a cloud going at 100 miles an hour?"

The rest was music, from recorded opera through most of Arthur Godfrey's talent scouts, to Patti Page and Rock 'n' Roll. It happened that I didn't catch a single quiz or giveaway show, but they exist. Some time ago *Time* reported the activities of R. Todd Storz, who owns four stations (Omaha, New Orleans, Minneapolis, and Kansas City) and is buying one in Miami. The stations (not the sponsors) give away money. Bank drafts (up to $105,000—to beat the highest going prize in TV) are concealed within a specified area and clues are given by the disc jockeys who take virtually all of the station's time, playing over and over again the most popular tunes of the week.

It is several years since the network revenues from television outstripped those from radio, but millions of sets are still in use and it seems to be the judgment of the managers that they will continue in use so long as nothing new is offered on the programs. What struck me most was that I didn't hear a single sound I hadn't heard before. It is too much to ask for great creative work in everyday programming, but some inventiveness, even some new gimmick, something new merely in the way a program is announced or a recording introduced could give freshness.

The big-city stations affiliated with the networks have made a few attempts at novelty. A little more intelligence on the part of the audience has been assumed occasionally (and I will try to report faithfully on these programs later). But when the broadcasters discovered that television was draining off their audiences the one thing they did not consider was that a vast number of people had been dissatisfied or half-satisfied by radio and these people would not be attracted by the same sort of thing in television. A potential audience existed. Part of it has turned to FM and to the few educational stations still functioning. The rest have, I suppose, given up hope.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ups and Downs at Glyndebourne

LONDON.

IT IS well known that a conductor can do more to help a fair cast and less to hinder a good one than any other element in an operatic performance. So far as "Nozze di Figaro" and "Idomeneo" are concerned in this Mozart bicentenary season at Glyndebourne, the proposition is having a demonstration in reverse. Neither Vittorio Gui nor John Pritchard is doing very much to help the fair casts along, and there are, as yet, no good ones to get along well in spite of them.

Having been absent from England's famous home of Mozart since 1951—the last blessed year of the late Fritz Busch's direction—it may be that there is an upswing in progress which I don't recognize. I find it hard, however, to believe that this is the kind of Mozart for which, literally, Busch laid down his life. Let us agree that there is no such thing as an indispensable man; but there is no dispensing with the kind of informed, alert, infectious spirit he provided.

Oddly enough, Glyndebourne has rarely been so pleasant to the eye as it has been this late June and early July. The close-cropped lawns and blossoming gardens of John Christie's now consecrated estate present an outdoor picture matched indoors by the handsome decors of Oliver Messel (for the works mentioned). A good deal of money has been spent lately to improve the facilities for the comfort of the customers who must begin to prepare themselves, post-lunch, for an excursion that returns them to London—if all goes well—not much short of midnight. In its appointments and staffing Glyndebourne upholds notably well its position as perhaps not an uncommercial festival but one of Europe's few non-commercial festivals.

This year's "Figaro," however, was unusual for Glyndebourne in lacking even one characterization of superior vocal and dramatic quality. No Jurinac, no della Casa (to mention but two), rather a miscellany of talents, mostly brittle and non-compelling in sound, of a limited power as personalities. Courtesy provides for mention first of the ladies: Elisabeth Grümmer, whose Germanic vocalization is of limited utility for the Countess; Elena Rizzieri, who sings Susanna in a chirpy, non-blending soprano; and Cora Canne-Meijer, of Holland, whose Cherubino is still in the formative stage. By far the best performer, male or female, was Hugues Cuenod as Basilio. Here was the one full-length characterization of the lot, performed with a vocal crispness that shamed the approximations of Sesti Bruscantini (he was playing a fine Rossini Figaro, but a rather clumsy Mozartian one) and the foppish Almaviva of the French Michel Roux. The latter has the serious limitation of not being able to produce a sustained *legato* line, which made his essential parts of the ensembles bumpy and unconsecutive.

NEVERTHELESS, one can imagine these varied voices being put into an intellectual crucible and fused to something like a single purpose. Gui, however, is less a fuser than a diffuser. He began with a playing of the overture that was not only crisp but dessicated, an appropriate introduction for a treatment of Mozart in which the accents were pointed rather than merely incisive, the dynamics obtrusive rather than expressive. The intellectual balance, indeed, was all on the side of producer Carl Ebert, who has invented so much business for the performers that one wonders how they remember to sing their notes. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum; and, in the musical vacuum left by the absence of a conductor with Busch's forcefulness, Ebert's nature has expanded, unopposed. I am all for organization rather than chaos; but I draw the line at regimentation.

Essentially, however, Glyndebourne represents an idea rather than a performance of this or that work; and this Mozartian bicentenary is being well served by the production of all six works which have a claim to being considered "major." Typically, too, the five best known—"Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan tutte," "Zauberflöte," and "Entführung aus dem Serail"—are relatively common festival matters these days. But there is still an impact in being able to hear "Idomeneo" again, to trace the historic sequence from its start in 1781.

Glyndebourne first provided this opportunity in 1951, and "Idomeneo" then sounded static, a little stilted, insufficiently "Mozartian." But a second opportunity, as only Glyndebourne can provide, proves the lacks to be mine rather than Mozart's. As may tend to be the case with a composer celebrated for a certain kind of mastery, one may listen at the wrong time, in the wrong place, for the wrong kind of thing.

"Idomeneo" precedes all the stage works by which Mozart is well known, meaning that he was then something less than the surehanded individualist he later became. The fundamental proposition—a sacrificial vow made in desperation which turns out to involve the maker's own son—is bathed, cleansed, and made new by the wash of Mozartian music over it all. The present cast lacks such salient virtues as the one of 1951 involving Jurinac, Birgit Nilsson, and Leopold Simoneau under Busch's direction—but the repetition, in a program of rotating devotion to Mozart's total output, takes precedence over all.

Here, too, the visual was superior to the aural, with Messel's fine scenic conception suggesting vistas where none was really possible, and richly colored hangings proposing a regal abundance otherwise invisible. Grümmer's Elektra was sure if not suave, Richard Lewis's Idomeneo a strong dramatic figure, if a dwindling vocal one, and Lillian Udovick (of American birth) always promising to sound better than she really did. If Pritchard could match his physical output—which made for some impressive climaxes here and there—with similar finesse Glyndebourne might have the musical personality it sorely needs. In this special area, however, "might" does not make "right."

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Voice in the Wood

By Herbert A. Kenny

WHO was it whispered beside the tree
As I recited my poetry
Near the garage in the alder spinney?
It was not the horse. I heard her whinny.
It was not my wife. She was hanging clothes,
Nor the children nor any elf, God knows.
But a voice said clearly in the wood,
"Those last three lines are very good."
I turned about expecting to see,
Heaven knows whom, but somebody,
And found, unless my eye deceives
Nothing except attentive leaves.
I know no footfall had come or gone
But the voice's vigor lingered on.
I know my ears made no mistake.
It was not a dream, I was wide awake.
I think perhaps it was William Blake.

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Ayot St. Lawrence—". . . [one] mirror of this active and famous mind."

LITERARY LANDMARK

SHAW'S CORNER: GBS's home at Ayot St. Lawrence, where he lived from 1906 until his death at ninety-four in 1950, is totally lacking in architectural distinction. You can see its counterpart in any city suburb anywhere. With its worn furniture, oddly reminiscent of Hyde Park, its extensive library of books which for once have been used and read, its plethora of pictures and memorabilia of a long and active career, Shaw's Corner—an hour's drive from London—is first of all the workshop where most of the famous plays and prefaces were written: "Pygmalion," "Man and Superman," "Heartbreak House," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Androcles and the Lion," "Major Barbara," and "Saint Joan." Shaw's Corner is also a memorial of a kindly, eccentric neighbor who subscribed to the local church though he did not attend it, a host who served good liquor though he never touched it, an employer who treated his servants as friends.

The gardens are much more extensive than the house might lead you to expect, covering some three acres. They contain only one reminder, aside from the little hut, of the owner's occupation—a bronze statue of Saint Joan by Claire Winsten. The house is an endlessly fascinating hodgepodge in which the valuable, like Shaw's portrait bust by Rodin, is mixed up with the merely curious—a Chinese costume and hat Shaw wore when receiving Chinese guests, his prayer book and traveling Bible, an autographed manuscript of Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo," a doorknob from Lady Gregory's home in Ireland, a photograph of the young Gene Tunney, another—inscribed to Mrs. Shaw—from the young J. M. Barrie, a savage caricature by Dame Laura Knight of a typical London first-night audience, etc. Most personal and evocative reminders of the rich and talented old gentleman are the collection of hats, cloaks, and shoes. The shoes, most of them shabby, are in a ground-floor lavatory. The cloaks, raincapes, and windjammers hang nearby, including a white one which Shaw wore during blackouts to avoid being run down on the road. (As another blackout precaution, he had a walking stick with a flashlight built into the handle.) In the hall, on a Victorian hat-rack, hang Shaw's odd collection of hats, to which he was devoted. Here is the converted housekeeper's bonnet covered with black veils he used for bee-keeping. There are hats which were sixty years old when he died. In this hall also stands the hideous upright piano where GBS sat and sang Italian opera to his own accompaniment during air-raids; if the world forgot that he first began his career as a music critic, Shaw himself did not. It is not necessary to be a Shavian to enjoy an afternoon at Shaw's Corner; if you had never seen one of his plays, or read one of his essays, it would still be possible to enjoy an afternoon in his company. A man's home is his castle, and Shaw's Corner is the only mirror now remaining, except for two shelves of the Collected Works, of this active and famous mind.

—NELSON LANSDALE.

The Vegetable War

By JOHN STEINBECK

I LIKE the English very much, a mystical people with strange and persistent tribal practices. They no longer paint their bodies blue but a faint azure luminescence gives evidence that the wode is in them if not on them.

I first made the acquaintance of the English at home during the war. Previous to that I had met only the traveling Englishman, and these specimens together with a tradition in the Irish part of my family had indicated to me that I would detest them. I was greatly surprised to find that I liked them very much. Apparently the export Englishman is a separate species and is exported for a very good reason. At home the English are delightful and kind and charming. In the beginning it is well to associate with very young Englishmen. As children and young men they speak clearly and even volubly and then when they near the age of thirty they reduce language to a series of grunts—basic vocal symbols of pleasure-pain. This explains why English poetry is usually written by young men. Older poets will usually be found to be Welsh, Scottish, Cornish, or Irish.

The English trait which has most puzzled the rest of the world and particularly the French is their treatment of food. There are two schools of thought about this; one holding that it is a masochistic tendency, a self punishment possibly, a sacrifice to the gods who control their weather. Another school feels that a basic savagery is thus channeled in this comparatively harmless direction. With the gradual disappearance of the fox the murder instinct had to be taken care of in some way, and how better than in the torture and killing of vegetables?

I myself have been of two opinions. My first conclusion, arrived at during the war, I now am prepared to abandon. This first speculation arose from consideration of the Brussels sprout, an innocent, rather pretty vegetable, a kind of dwarf cabbage, bright green with yellow center leaves—at least until the British get at it. This vegetable if picked fresh and gently boiled until tender is delicious with salt and pepper and perhaps a little vinegar or lemon juice. What did the British do to it? I do not know. They must have beaten and mauled it, soaked it in strong corrosives, and gradually and savagely reduced it to a gray mess which looked and tasted like soiled laundry. This could not be an accident. To cook Brussels sprouts well is

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very easy. The English method requires time and great effort. Therefore, their method must have purpose even if it is beyond our understanding. The vegetable after such treatment has abandoned self-respect and even identity.

At that time I came to the conclusion that this barbaric brainwashing technique came from an English fear that vegetables might if kindly treated demand dominion status. This was a conclusion to which I clung until very recently.

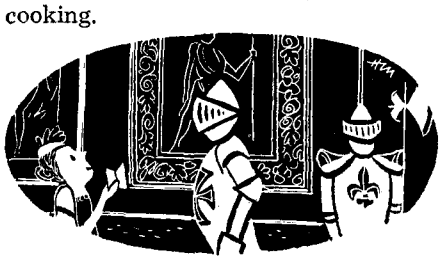
NOW it is true that a great many Englishmen have definitely zoologic traits, sexual reactions, and methods reminiscent of the anthropoid group. On the other hand, there are other English who at first seem to be enigmas. These puzzled me very much. It was only when a small colony of them came under study that I was able to observe them objectively and in detail. The necks were long and willowy, the hair fernlike and the legs thin. The feet were short and narrow but with long and rootlike toes. I observed them at play in dancing, and was delighted by their swaying motion very like the undulation of grasses in the wind—a swaying moreover which had no relation to the beat of the music being played.

My basic question was of course: how do they procreate? A questioning of individuals had provided no explanation. Indeed, there seemed to be a disinclination to discuss the problem. And yet they must reproduce themselves in some way, else they would disappear.

Watching the swaying necks and stemlike legs, the answer came to me. They pollenate.

It was this discovery which created my hypothesis of the mistreatment of vegetables. Who, I asked myself, is most savage toward man? Man, of course. And who would be likely to treat vegetables with consistent ferocity? I think the answer is obvious.

There are all kinds of Englishmen—and some of them are perhaps traitors to their tradition. It is well known that some rich as well as aristocratic families employ French cooks. And I have heard certain treacherous British bemoaning the failure of Napoleon to conquer the Island because at least it would have improved the cooking.



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Fiction

Continued from page 17

as of nature herself. Mrs. Siebel has the poet's sense of rhythm and cadence, the poet's eye for color and sound, and the poet's power to compress, to do with a single bold stroke a great deal of disposing.

Indeed, the novel suffers from the compression. The wheat and the persons whose lives are moved by it are not identical. People come and go through the book with enormous rapidity. It is almost as though the author plants her wheat, sees it grow, scythes it down. The narrative drive, like the emotions of the heroine, is feeble, suffocated.

This story of Midwestern life between two great wars contains a small bagful of the necessary historical beads so that the reader may orient himself in historical perspective as he watches Ella Beecher's life. It might have made a great, big, sprawling novel, filled with a lot of purple patches and wearying chapters, but it would have had a feeling of life. This brittle, polished, and careful arrangement of dry bones suggests skill and thought and hard work, but it is unrewarding. The next time Mrs. Siebel may let herself go and do a fine book.

—DAVID KARP.

THE LAST DAY OF FOUNTAIN COURT: In **"Half-Crown House"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) Helen Ashton has created a great English country family, complete with complex personalities and an

intricate genealogy. Miss Ashton is familiar with the historical ups and downs of England's aristocracy and is rather romantic about its past glories. The lovely, reckless ladies, the hard-riding squires enchant her still. She has a tenderness for the very decay of Fountain Court. Her novel is planned like a guided tour; it proceeds from room to room, and each musty heirloom is described with minutest care. She does not neglect the servants and family retainers who cling to it in spite of its impoverishments, or even the mice, birds, and spiders.

The once-splendid mansion serves her well as a symbol of England itself. The parallel is carried persistently all through the novel and is reflected in all its characters. There are the Americans, ruining the countryside with their airdrome and their circling planes ("The price of peace," the villagers sigh). There is restless Elsa Holly come back with shattered nerves from Africa and a nightmare of Mau Mau bloodshed. And John Cornell, who offers to save Fountain Court with his American dollars. And, of course, the high-tempered Henrietta, who ultimately rejects the handsome American in favor of the cousin who lost an eye and an arm in the war.

Significantly, Miss Ashton chooses for her action the last day of Fountain Court's existence. A luncheon party brings all her characters together and allows her to develop the one or two dramatic incidents that form her story. The day ends, consistently enough, with the destruction of Fountain Court by fire.

Miss Ashton has chosen a vital and interesting theme. To realize it she needs more insight into the minds of her countrymen, who, like her characters, are courageously adjusting to changes that have rocked the foundations of their world. Her love for Fountain Court seems that of the antiquarian rather than a creative novelist whose domain is the human heart.

—LULLA ADLER.

ALSO NOTED: "The King's Messenger," by Samuel Edwards (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), is a seventeenth century cloak-and-dagger drama in which British super-espionage agent Terence Halliwell single-handedly saves the American Colonies from the French. Slightly less bizarre are his adventures with the ladies, especially Marquise Adrienne de Sevier, who accepts Terence as a platonic mate for the sake of espionage, then falls in love with him after a sound spanking. The author of an earlier well-received novel, "The Scimitar," here misuses his fluent talents on farcical material.

"Cargo of Brides," by Helen Rucker (Little, Brown, $3.95), takes readers back to the 1860s when a contingent of marriageable females sets sail for bachelor-loaded Seattle, Washington. Bostonian Marrianne Bancroft in a high-spirited mood joins the group but proves luckier than the rest when she snares desirable Scotty Campbell en route. A surprise awaits her in the shapely form of a wife Scotty had intended to divorce and a baby son. The tangle is eventually solved, yet the only authentic thing about it all is the carefully researched historical data.

"Cassandra," by Frances Clippinger (Rinehart, $3), offers a brief glimpse into the young lives of melancholy Cassie and her brother John, whose hothouse emotions carry them to the brink of incest. Cassie rebels against a forced marriage, betraying husband Carl and driving him to suicide. She rejoins him shortly after several sluggish affairs and a parentally enforced separation from jealousy-bitten John. Miss Clippinger—author of "The Satellite" and "Rocket in the Night"—writes around the problem with a caution that prevents her from really explaining what made the brother-sister pair tick.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 682

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 682 will be found in the next issue.

YG QKV GDI UBOBCG

WOBSVCG, GB MBVG

YCQ UBOBC OJWV.

—OBCM YRVNDCT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 681

Every man is the center of a circle, whose fatal circumference he cannot pass.

—JOHN INGALLS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bella and Nellie in John Collier's "Season of Mists." 2. Angelo and Luigi Capello in Mark Twain's "The Extraordinary Twins." 3. Madeline and Roderick Usher in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher." 4. Jacob and Esau in the book of Genesis. 5. Tweedledee and Tweedledum in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking-Glass." 6. Romulus and Remus in Roman legend. 7. The Twins in James M. Barrie's "Peter and Wendy." 8. Manuel and Esteban in Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey.' 9. Viola and Sebastian in William Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." 10. Bartholomew and Thaddeus Sholto in Arthur Conan Doyles "The Sign of the Four."

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Books for Young People

—From "Old Satan."

THOUGH reading is an activity that enables each child to explore along the lines of his own interests and so remains, inevitably, a very personal, private thing, books take on a special meaning when read and enjoyed with others. And if the reading together is done in the family children and parents build up wonderful memories of shared pleasures, of close relationships, and of books as important factors in family recreation. The long days of summer provide extra hours for such experiences.

Reviewers for this issue: Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor, School Libraries, Raleigh, N.C.; Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Work with Boys and Girls, Long Beach, Calif., Public Library; Leone F. Garvey, Supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Berkeley, Calif., Public Library; Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis School, Austin, Texas; and Eulalie Steinmetz Ross, Director of Work with Children, Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County. —FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

A TREE IS NICE. *By Janice May Udry. Pictures by Marc Simont. Harper.* $2.50. Here is a "child's-eye-view" of a tree. The simple text should stimulate young children to ponder on the beauty, joy, and comforts that nature gives us through the presence of big trees along the streets, in our yards, ranging over the hillsides, and following the pathway of streams. The book will give pleasure to a beginning reader but should also be valuable teaching material in kindergarten or first grade.

Marc Simont has contributed some of his best and most colorful work to the charm of this little volume. I believe that it will supply small children with many quiet periods of study and reverie.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

ALL READY FOR SUMMER. *By Leone Adelson. Illustrated by Kathleen Elgin. McKay.* $2.75. A picture book that captures the feeling of spring as "a time to watch and look," while everything is changing and getting ready for summer in its own special way. The difference between nature's preparation for the change of season and that in his own world is clearly portrayed for the young child in simple pictures, often humorous, that he can clearly understand.

The illustrations are appealing but this reviewer wishes the out-door creatures might have been pictured as realistically as the children.

—HELEN FULLER.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL. *By Elizabeth Tate. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard.* $2.50. A sweet story of Laurie, flower girl in a friend's wedding, and her delight with her special dress, her nosegay of pink rosebuds in their lace-paper frill, and the admiring comments of her little girl friend. All the excitement of a church wedding with the striped awning in front, music, bridesmaids, the bride, and the procession up to the altar and out again is suggested in the delicate pinks and blues of Helen Stone's illustrations. Though all little girls will like this story of Laurie, those who have been flower girls or have attended weddings will enjoy it especially. —F. L. S.

MUTT. *By Bianca Bradbury. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Houghton Mifflin.* $1.50. When a small boy and his lively mongrel dog provide the action for a story it promises to be a satisfying experience for young children. "Mutt," who has no ribbons to flaunt before the several fancy dogs living in the same New York apartment house, compensates for his ugly-duckling role with his affectionate, happy personality and a life of freedom. His big opportunity finally appears, and Mutt comes through with flying colors.

The simply written text adds another title to a much-needed collection of easy-to-read books with a real plot for first readers. If, perchance, Mutt's charm should be missed in the text Mary Stevens's delightfully humorous illustrations do a capable job of interpretation and will certainly captivate the reading audience. —A. B. M.

THE SILVER MACE. *A Story of Williamsburg. By Maud and Miska Petersham. Macmillan.* $2.25. Life in old Williamsburg, presented in simple text and picture form, comes alive in this story of the early years of the Virginia colonial capital. The Petershams, Caldecott Award winners for "The Rooster Crows," relate vividly the rise and decline of this famous old town as they tell of the first settlement at Jamestown, the move to Middle Plantation—which later was called Williamsburg—the elegant life in the Governor's Palace, everyday activities of the children and townspeople, the famous men who represented Virginia in the Assembly, the days of the Revolution, and the selection of Richmond as the new capital of the State. Full-page illustrations, some in rich warm colors, others in blue and white, and end-paper maps of that part of Virginia lying between the York and James rivers support the text in recreating Southern colonial life. —F. L. S.

THE FOURTH OF JULY STORY. *By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrated by Marie Nonnast. Scribner's.* $2.75. Alice Dalgliesh, who has recently written "The Thanksgiving Story" and "The Columbus Story" here continues her accounts, for younger children, of American history and the days we celebrate with this telling of the origins of the Fourth of July. It is brief and uncluttered, with details and names reduced to a minimum, as it should be for beginning readers, but it gets across the conflicts, the problems, and the satisfactions of the struggle for independence and the ultimate restoration of good relations between Great Britain and her former colonies. The many full-page colored illustrations will help the young child to understand the meaning of this, one of the most colorful and dramatic of our American holidays.

—F. L. S.

OLD SATAN. *A Pennsylvania Folk Tale. Retold and pictured by Lucille Wallower. David McKay Company.* $2.50. A frothy bit of nonsense this: the

—From "A Tree Is Nice."

". . . a 'child's-eye-view'."

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tale of an ornery mule who ate a barrel of soft soap, turned sweet and sudsy as a result, and was thereafter the lather source of the Pennsylvania town where he lived some seventy-five-odd years ago. The folk tale also explains why mules wear shaving-brush tails today—an obvious conclusion to the mule-soft soap-lather combination.

"Old Satan" is an attractive book in format—except for the copyright information which is printed on the double title page—with the text and the red-and-black illustrations uncrowded and well balanced on the pages; and an amusing piece of Americana to be enjoyed by "middle-age" children for its sprightly text and pictures. —EULALIE STEINMETZ ROSS.

FAMILY SABBATICAL. *By Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by Susan Foster. Viking.* $2.75. Anyone who chuckled over the fortunes and misfortunes of the Ridgeways in "Family Grandstand" as I did will reach eagerly for this new story of that fun-loving family. This time they are spending father's sabbatical leave in France. Needless to say, the book is based on the Brink family's own similar experiences. While Professor Ridgeway does historical research and mother writes "whodunits" Susan, George, and the sagacious Dumpling continue to win friends, influence people, and court adventure.

The narrative is interspersed with scraps from Susan's diary, which add a humorous flavor. The diary's closing entry offers an appropriate summary of this excellent book. "Our adventure is nearly over. It has been educashunal and improving. At least I think so. Anyway, everything has turned out for the best and it was fun."

—A. B. M.

TO UNKNOWN LANDS. *By Manly Wade Wellman. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Holiday House.* $2.75. This is a tale of "what might have been." The colony left by Columbus on his first voyage disappeared, but Mr. Wellman, drawing on historical research and his fertile imagination, relates a suspenseful story of two members of the colony who escape the Indian massacre in a boat blown by a southern gale to Yucatan.

In addition to being absorbing reading the story provides some very good enrichment material for the historical part of any American school curriculum. Boys in a fifth-grade class whose teacher is reading the story aloud have already accorded it their seal of enthusiastic approval. —A. B. M.

TO BEAT A TIGER. *By Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. Decorations by John Huehnergarth. John C. Winston Co.* $2.95. Of the many tragedies of war none is so poignant as that of young people separated from their families, adrift in a world that has neither time nor pity for them. The International Settlement of Shanghai during the Japanese Occupation was crowded with them. To manage alone was impossible, so they banded together in gangs—"to beat a tiger one needs a brother's help." Living in such a gang were Yen, son of a famous artist-scholar, Wang, a farm boy, and Tu, porcelain apprentice. Though born worlds apart fine friendships flourished among them. This is a fast-paced, realistic story, terrible in many ways and impossible to provide a happy ending. But the end has its satisfactions, for when the gang disbands these three set forth determinedly in search of a life with more dignity and purpose. A book young people will long remember. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek has written a foreword to this book by a winner of a Newberry Award.—LEONE F. GARVEY.

DOWN THE MAST ROAD. *By John M. Duncan. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. A little-known incident in American Revolutionary history forms the basis for this book—the felling and hauling of a lofty New Hampshire pine, destined to become the main mast of a much-needed ship. It is also the story of fifteen-year-old Obie Merritt, so anxious to do a man's work while his father is off to the war, who is plagued by overconfidence, lack of self-control, and other frailties of adolescence.

The shaping of Obie's character and the conquest of the towering pine are blended into a well-written, exciting story, full of suspense and satisfying to the very end. When Sam, one of the mast men, says in the closing pages, "I never saw so many different kinds of people working on one mast. Maybe it means something," he seems to be foreshadowing our future democracy to which this masting team is contributing its small share.

—A. B. M.

—*From "To Unknown Lands."*

". . . 'tale of what might have been'."

YOUR WORLD IN MOTION. *The Story of Energy. By George Barrow. Harcourt.* $2.95. Although we have had many science books lately there is still a place in every school and public library for this one, which makes energy truly understandable. The author, a former science teacher, discusses all the areas of energy and motion about us, visible and invisible—water, air, sound, light, etc.—and shows how our very existence depends upon the interaction of these elements. He illustrates further how man's control of this motion has produced our present civilization. He urges young people to see that the new forms of energy are used constructively.

The book includes simple experiments, excellent diagrams, and a good index. —H. F.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. *By Nancy and Jean Francis Webb. Illustrated by Isami Kashiwagi. Viking.* $3.95. This is a very detailed, comprehensive, and up-to-date history of the Hawaiian Islands from the earliest times known up to the present day, by two able writers who have spent many years in the islands. Here is a vivid style, and the many and unusual illustrations have been done by a native Hawaiian.

A library will use this book with adults, young people, and older children rather than with young children, who will prefer "Hawaii, Gem of the Pacific" or "The First Book of Hawaii" (Watts). —H. F.

ABE LINCOLN: LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE. *By Sterling North. Illustrated by Lee Ames. Random House.* $1.50. The distinguished writing of Sterling North makes this biography of Abraham Lincoln outstanding among those written for young people. Emphasis is given to the years which Lincoln lived in Illinois, with brief accounts of his early childhood and of the years in the White House. The hardships of the Midwestern frontier, home relationships, political aspirations, and struggles are vividly presented. The illustrations by Lee Ames add to the charm of the book. It is unreservedly recommended for both young readers and their elders.

—MARY PEACOCK DOUGLAS.

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U. S. A. and the Pacific

Continued from page 19

newly established kingdom. "The Gods Depart" continues Mrs. Mellen's chronicle to black days when less than 60,000 pure-blooded Hawaiians were alive and the missionaries' sons, turned sugar planters, were bringing in Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese laborers for the plantations.

In all three of her works Mrs. Mellen contrasts the old ways with the new. For her when a Hawaiian monarch speaks from Iolani Palace there are "outbursts of gaiety" from his subjects, "releasing the ecstasies that lie in the hearts of all Polynesians, reverting happily to the light-hearted manner of life" that was natural to them. Again, "The tide of change was strong against the Hawaiians, and they, who had longed only for the simple uncomplicated life of their forefathers, soon found themselves entangled. . . ."

That the principal native historian of Hawaii, David Malo, who lived a hundred years ago, wrote, "The condition of the common people was one of subjection," when describing this same light-hearted uncomplicated life before the old gods were destroyed, "burdened and oppressed, even to death," and "the life of the people was one of patient endurance" is a view that rightfully does not concern Mrs. Mellen. To go at it another way, in all three of her books she repeats that the old "pre-discovery Hawaii had no intoxicants of any kind." Yet according to the records of the early traders they were highly gratified to discover the natives from time immemorial had made a kind of small beer of the fermented roots of the *ti* plant. An early missionary, William Ellis, was sorry to see that "*ava* has been used for the purpose of inebriation . . . prepared from the roots and stalks of a species of pepper plant."

To quote from eye-witness accounts of those times merely to refute Mrs. Mellen would be an unkind piece of reviewing knavery unless this also can be emphasized: She has stated her position as one of giving the Hawaiian side of the story. She has set herself to conjure up the glories of times past as webbed in the legends and memories of Hawaiians, and in that she has succeeded. If she diverges from the *haole*'s view, as taken recently by Bradford Smith in his thoroughly researched social history of the first decades of the Hawaiian monarchy, "Yankees in Paradise," who can say for certain which view better gives the whole feeling of an epoch? Rather, one complements the other.

In a style that sometimes has the awkwardness of a tale told aloud and sometimes a sudden beauty as if spoken from the heart, Kathleen Dickenson Mellen in "The Gods Depart" leaves the reader with a curiously disturbed sensation of it all having happened around the corner from his own house. So we close her book. We look at the headlines in the daily papers and then it does seem that the old gods have not departed very far, only to the other side of the Pacific.

HAWAIIAN PAGEANTRY: The late William Chickering's **"Within the Sound of These Waves"** (Harcourt, Brace, $5), which made its first appearance in 1941 and is now once again available, is a pageant of Hawaiian kings from Liloa, the first great sovereign, to Liholilo, who abolished the ancient tabus and made room for Christian missions. The arrival of Captain Cook in 1778, who because of his strange coloring was hailed as Lono, god of peace and husbandry, caused such excitement it interrupted a twenty-year-old attack by King Kalaniopuu on the neighboring island of Maui. Despite its tragic ending Cook's adventure paved the way for other expeditions and, fourteen years later, the arrival of Captain George Vancouver, who effected the joining of Hawaii to the fast-growing British Empire. His friendship with Kamehameha I, hero-warrior and one of Hawaii's wisest and best-loved kings, brought the islanders their first real understanding of European ways. It was Kamehameha, shrewd in the game of warfare, who succeeded in conquering Maui, Oahu, and eventually bringing Kauai under Hawaiian rule. The primitive, wild beauty of Polynesian culture and the drama of the island's history permeate this account of the romances and battles of Hawaiian royalty. It is a beautiful

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narrative, told with warmth and simplicity. —JOYCE JENKINS.

LABORATORY FOR DEMOCRACY: Hawaii is often described as a paradise, but for racists it must seem like the lowest circle of hell. This is because for the last hundred years Hawaii has been fusing a mélange of peoples of sharply contrasted racial and ethnic origins into one people. The exciting story of what has been accomplished is now told by Andrew W. Lind, Professor of Sociology at the University of Hawaii, in **"Hawaii's People"** (University of Hawaii Press, $2.75). To the Polynesians of Captain Cook's day have been added Portuguese, Chinese, Puerto Ricans, Japanese, Pacific Islanders, Germans, Koreans, Filipinos, and North Americans, among others. In all more than 400,000 persons migrated to the islands in the past century, for the most part as plantation labor. Thus, through necessity, the islands became a laboratory in the principles of democratic living that has demonstrated that race relations are capable of harmonious solutions. Hawaii's solution has been racial and ethnic fusion to a marked degree—what Mainland obscurantists call mongrelization. Professor Lind, with a wealth of statistical detail readably presented, traces the progress of fusion over the years against the economic and geographic background that is peculiar to Hawaii. He points out that, for economic reasons, race stratification, while attempted, never became fixed into a caste structure. Professor Lind sums it up: "One is led to conclude that the biological fusion of Hawaii's people . . . requires generations for its completion. It is reasonable to assume . . . that assimilation or the spiritual fusion of Hawaii's people moves more rapidly than amalgamation or the biological fusion, but both processes are moving irresistibly forward." —ALDEN WHITMAN.

HAWAII'S HISTORY: A one-volume, but not unsubstantial, history of those islands which, if things go well for them, may become the forty-ninth state of the Union is A. Grove Day's **"Hawaii and Its People"** (Little, Brown, $5). Professor Day's purpose has been to stress the islands' social history over their political and diplomatic history, and as a result his book shows more interest in Captain Cook's fate and in the struggles of nineteenth-century missionaries to convert the natives than it does in more scholarly matters. But he manages to encompass quite a bit of material and he has included a glossary of useful colloquial words, beginning with *a-a* (meaning lagged lava) and ending with *wili-wili* (meaning local tree). —J. J.

Education

Continued from page 29

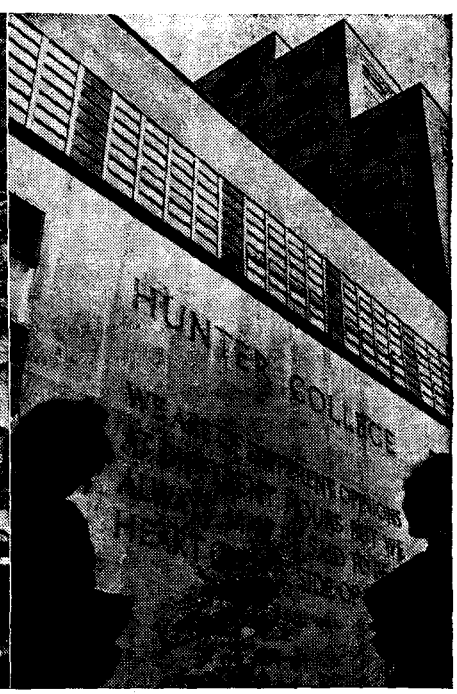
ern college that was also for almost fifty years a center of interracial education. Berea had beginnings similar to those of Transylvania, except that it did not start until a decade before the Civil War. From the beginning it was intended to serve the young people of the mountain area known as Southern Appalachia, cutting through several states from northern Virginia to Alabama. Right after the Civil War Berea admitted a number of Negro students, and for decades after that it had Negro students in proportions ranging from one-third to two-thirds of its total enrolment. For a good many years social adjustment between the races was perfect in spite of some difficulties with townspeople, and a fine spirit of Christian cooperation prevailed. Then in 1904 the legislature of Kentucky passed an ironclad segregation law, and Berea almost foundered in its efforts to accommodate itself both to the law and the consciences of its administrators.

Berea is also noted for its unique cooperative work program, whereby student job opportunities and the production facilities in college shops and farms are considered part of the college endowment, since they effectively hold down the cost of education for each student. But the most fascinating story in Berea's history remains the racial one, in which it is demonstrated, as C. Vann Woodward has pointed out in "The Strange Career of Jim Crow," that segregation is not a natural and immemorial Southern policy.

HUNTER: In contrast to these two predominantly rural colleges we see the growth of free colleges in the large cities of America. Hunter, the alma mater of Herman Wouk's "Marjorie Morningstar," was for many years a girls' college in Manhattan, but is now coeducational, is described as the descendant of a normal school in **"Hunter College: Eighty-five Years of Service,"** by Samuel White Patterson (Lantern Press, $3.50). Spanning the years when New York City was suddenly augmented by the consolidation of the five huge boroughs, this history is full of the acrimonious debate and conflict of personality that characterized the molding of a new Board of Education and the fixing in such a scheme of provision for public higher education at city expense.

BROOKLYN: A similar but shorter story is told in **"A City College in Action: Struggle and Achievement at Brooklyn College, 1930-1955,"** by Thomas Evans Coulton (Harper, $3.50). Brooklyn College was marked from its start by the scars of depression in a great urban area, and its student body has always been particularly aware of social forces and warring social doctrines. There is therefore a great deal of material dealing with the practical problems of giving a voice to radical social views on campus and yet retaining true academic freedom. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

—*William F. Augustyn.*



—*A. F. Sozio.*

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Shaw Bibliography

Continued from page 11

the last eight years of Shaw's life and brings the book up to date. It also contains many comments by Shaw on the apocryphal tales about himself.

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW. *By Maurice Colbourne. Philosophical Library.* $4.75. "The real" Shaw appears here as an interpreter rather than a creator, a heretic, a prophet, and essentially a teacher. Colbourne's Shaw is unorthodox, unconventional, optimistic, unique if not original.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. *By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Devin-Adair.* $2.50. These essays, which have been around almost fifty years, remain among the brightest and most provocative ever written on Shaw. Chesterton writes of Shaw the Irishman, the Puritan, the Progressive, the Philosopher, with customary wit and clarity.

BERNARD SHAW. *By A. C. Ward. Longmans, Green.* $1.85. A book about Shaw as an artist. Mr. Ward discusses Shaw's deep seriousness, his impeccable integrity, and his inexhaustible artistic powers. The essential humanness of Shaw, often disregarded by his biographers, comes across to the reader on every page of this warmly sympathetic book.

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OTHER WORKS BY SHAW: "Buoyant Billions, Far Fetched Fables, and Shakes Versus Shaw." Dodd, Mead. $3. "Don Juan in Hell," Dodd, Mead. $2.50. "Everybody's Political What's What," Dodd, Mead. $3.50. "Sixteen Self Sketches," Dodd, Mead. $3.50. "Selected Prose," edited by Diarmuid Russell, Dodd, Mead. $6.50. "Advice to a Young Critic and Other Letters," Crown. $3. "GBS on Music," edited by Eric Bentley, Anchor, paperbound, 95¢. "Plays and Players." (Essays on the theatre.) Introduction by A. C. Ward. Oxford University Press. $1.35.

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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LIVE COMFORTABLY FOR $30 week. Nice atmosphere, good food. Hawthorne Inn, 54 West St., Northampton, Massachusetts.

WRITERS' COLONY IN MEXICO! Personal, professional instruction in fact, fiction, poetry. Group criticism and discussions. First-class resort hotel on Gulf with private beach and swimming pool. Ideal fishing, hunting. Year-round summers. American instruction and management. International cuisine. Tuition, board, private room with bath; $145 month. Special rates extended periods. Limited accommodations. Hotel Balneario, Tecolutla, Veracruz, Mexico.

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RUN SPARE-TIME GREETING CARD AND GIFT SHOP AT HOME. Show friends samples of our new 1956 Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 100, Ferndale, Michigan

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DYNASCOPE—Sensational New Reflector Telescope. Send for details, Criterion Co., Dept. SR 18, Hartford, Conn.

WINDHAM COLLEGE makes learning a living experience among friendly instructors and students in beautiful New England setting. Two-year degree programs in liberal arts, creative arts, secretarial studies. Talent encouraged. Putney, Vermont.

ASTUTE, WELL-BRED Jazz album seeks position as summer companion in congenial home. Meet me at the corner record shop; you'll recognize me by the orange jacket I'll be wearing. "JAZZ WEST COAST," Vol. 2—An anthology of California music by Pacific Jazz.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

RARE COLONIAL HOME and THEATRE of enchantment seating 300. Rolling meadows, woodlands, stream, 45 acres, 5 fireplaces, 12 rooms, beautiful paneling, studio, 3 baths, garage, oil heat, gracious living summer and winter. Possibility school, club. Write owner Graff, Meadow Hearth, Concord, N. H.

NYACK, N. Y. Riverfront lot, carriage house, seawall, private beach, good neighborhood, $9,500. GRAND VIEW: Small artistic riverfront house, fireplace, seclusion, seawall, beach, low taxes, heating, $24,500. Terms. Other individual properties. Anabel Grey, agent. Nyack 7-3667, Box Z-707.

For Rent

MARYLAND WOODS, furnished cabin. Spring water, kerosene lamps. $25 monthly. Box Z-705.

For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Cool, roomy, modernized 9 rooms, 2 baths or 6 rooms, 1 bath—early American houses. Completely furnished. Bordered by river—covered bridge. Swimming, fishing. Moderate rentals. Would sell. Box Z-599. Pound Ridge (NY) 4-5785.

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GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

ARROWHEAD LODGE—one mile from Empire State Music Festival. Clay tennis courts, sports, folk-square dancing, entertainment. Informal. Telephone: CHelsea 2-2453 (NYC), Ellenville 502.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. Rates $10 up A. P. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

MT. LAKE GUEST FARM. Ideal vacation spot, relaxing atmosphere, excellent cuisine in Londonderry, Vermont.

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SUMMER AGAIN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan Food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

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LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, tennis, fishing, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

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TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. 9-3154. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting, in beautiful countryside, 50 miles from N. Y. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

BENNINGTON CHAMBER MUSIC CENTER, Bennington, Vermont, August 12 to 26, all levels of ability coached by 15 professionals with ensemble and orchestra; excellent food and quarters. Write Alan Carter, Director, Middlebury, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE–CROSTIC NO. 1165

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

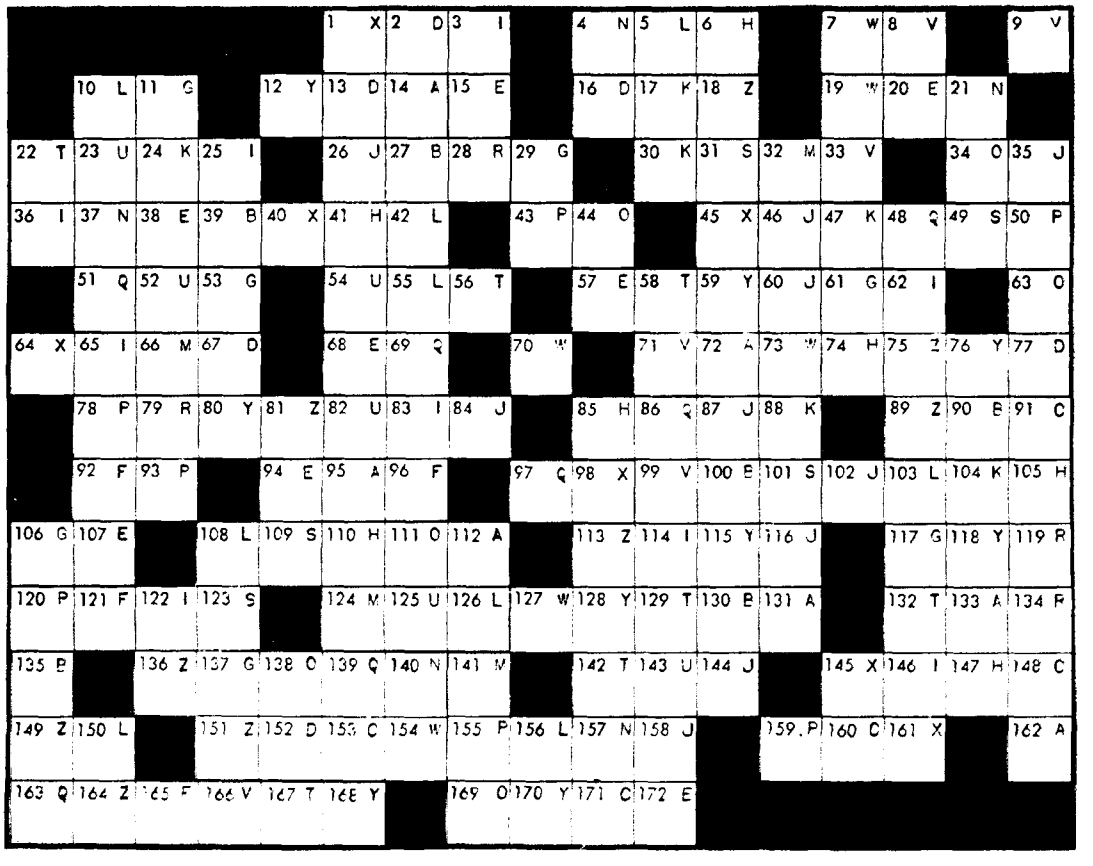
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
. Navigation instrument like a compass without magnetic needles, named for Hannibal's pilot.	162 95 112 133 14 72 131
Popular feature of New Year's hospitality (not Webster's def.).	90 130 135 39 27 100
Greek combining form, suffix, state of having (so many or such) flowers.	153 171 148 160 91
. Indian pony.	67 13 16 2 77 152
British Crown colony whose capital is Victoria.	57 68 38 107 94 20 15 172
Russia leather.	96 121 165 92
. Painter called "the Spanish Bassano" (17th cent.).	11 53 29 137 106 117 61
. Unchanging; homogeneous.	110 41 105 85 6 147 74
Complin, ecclesiastically speaking (2 wds.).	83 114 36 25 3 65 146 62 122
Having a bulging-eyed, rolling stare (comp.).	158 87 116 84 144 35 46 26 102 60
Famous president of Bryn Mawr, 1894-1922.	24 30 17 88 47 104
The latest thing in women's fashions (2 wds., not in Webster in this meaning).	5 156 42 55 103 10 108 150 126
. Family associated with New York *Herald Tribune*.	32 124 66 141

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. "Discoverer" of Joseph Conrad (Eng. publisher, 1848-1935).	21 140 4 37 157
O. Authoritative summary of faith; a creed.	169 138 63 34 44 111
P. Skilful, showy, aggressive person (comp., slang).	155 93 159 78 50 120 43
Q. Make an offer voluntarily, heartily, in good faith.	97 48 139 51 69 163 86
R. "There's a fascination frantic" in one that's romantic, according to W. S. Gilbert.	119 28 79 134
S. A pustule.	31 49 123 109 101
T. Sweetheart of Christabel in a ballad in Percy's *Reliques* (with "Sir").	167 142 22 132 58 129 56
U. Italian game like the French bagatelle.	54 82 125 52 143 23
V. To lay as a charge or burden.	9 8 33 99 71 166
W. The jacare of the Amazon.	154 70 19 73 7 127
X. Store up; recompense.	40 145 1 64 98 45 161
Y. What is invited to "awake" and "come south" in the *Song of Solomon iv*, 16 (2 wds.).	80 170 76 168 118 12 128 115 59
Z. Supplies furnished to a prospector on promise of a share in what he may find.	81 164 18 136 113 151 149 89 75

DIRECTIONS

o solve this puzzle you ust guess twenty-odd 'ORDS, the definitions which are given in the lumn headed DEFINI-'ONS. Alongside each finition, there is a row dashes—one for each tter in the required ord. When you have essed a word, write it the dashes, and also rite each letter in the rresponding numbered quare of the puzzle agram. . . When the uares are all filled in, u will find that you ve completed a quotaon from some published ork. It read up and own, the letters in the agram have no meang. . . Black squares dicate ends of words: there is no black square the right side of the agram, the word carries er to the next line. . . hen all the WORDS e filled in, their initial tters spell the name of e author and the title the piece from which e quotation has been ken. Of great help to e solver are this acrostic ature and the relative apes of words in the agram as they develop. uthority for spellings id definitions is Webr's New International ictionary, Second Edion.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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